



WITH MANY EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

The usual guarantee-and



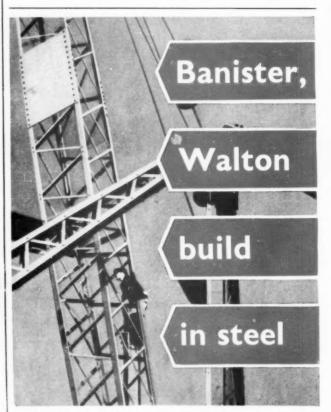
TWO YEARS INSURED LIFE

- AT NO EXTRA COST! Ask your local garage for full details.

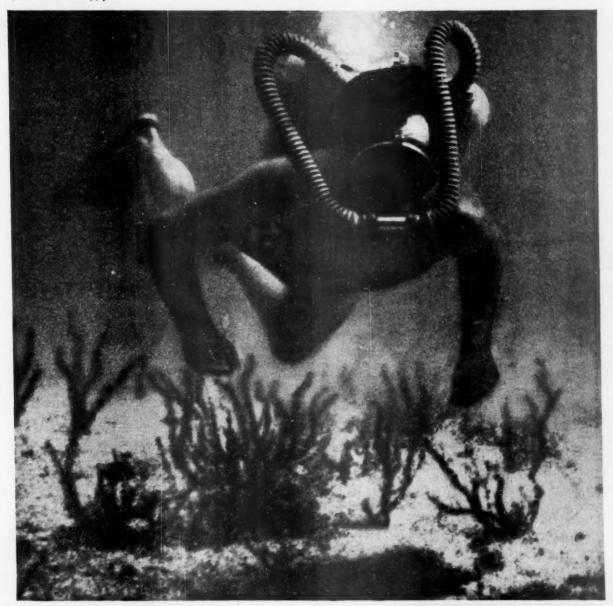
(The Two Years Insured Life Scheme Operates in The British

In 1 lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 1 lb. & 2 lb. boxes Tobler

Ideal for Birthdays, Theatres or Motoring EACH EXQUISITE CHOCOLATE A JOY TO EAT



BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted - Welded) JOSEPH LUCAS LTD BIRMINGHAM ENGLAND LONDONS.W.182 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17 Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 18 61/63 Western Rd.



## Oil from the Silent World?

Is THERE buried treasure beneath the sea? Do vast reservoirs of oil lie waiting to be tapped?

Under the warm waters of the Persian Gulf a team of 'aqua-lung' divers led by Commandant Cousteau—famous for his under-water exploration—has been helping Anglo-Iranian to find the answers. These men, swimming like fish over the seabed, can explore its geology more closely than has ever before been possible.

Their findings have already proved valuable. Soon, perhaps, the oil which becomes BP Super may be pumped from wells drilled deep into the bed of the sea.

THE BP SHIRLD IS THE SYMBOL OF THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF



Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

whose products include BP Super and BP Energol





What a gift for the man who appreciates fine cigars!

25 La Tropical — finest imported Jamaicas — kept at the critical peak of perfect condition in Lambert and Butler's special climate-proof polystyrene jar. Here is a gift that has what a Christmas gift should have—a definite something above and beyond the ordinary. The certainty that each of these 25 cigars will smoke as only La Tropical in supreme condition can!

# LA TROPICAL

Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers—Lambert and Butler of Drury Lane,
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited

# Choosing your Brandy



V·S·O·P

Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces only cognac of this superior quality.

REMY MARTIN

Pride of Cognac





## Lettera 22

Complete - yet completely portable.

olivetti

It's one thing to make a typewriter which can easily be carried about. It is another to design a portable typewriter which is yet complete with every proper feature of a standard machine-the Olivetti Lettera 22 made in Great Britain, sturdy in its build, light in weight — but complete in every detail.

Price £ 27 with tabulator £ 25 - without tabulator

Made in Great Britain by BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.

10 Berkeley Square - London W. 1.

FACTORY: Summerlee Street - Glasgow E. 3.

Authorized dealers throughout the country





The modern system of sprung bronze weatherstrip which will permanently protect your home against the intrusion of draughts, dust and smog.

- Expertly fitted by the specially trained craftsmen of our countrywide organisation of agents. There is one in your area.
- Less expensive than similar and comparable systems of draughtproofing. To proof an exterior door completely, for instance, costs about £4.
- Guaranteed for 10 years, "Sealdraught" weatherstrip will, in fact, last as long as the house it insulates.



"Sealdraught" fitted to your home will prove a revelation in new-found comfort. Our experts will be pleased to give you an estimate entirely without obligation. Write today for a full-fact leaflet and the address of our local agent.

seal to a hele this size.

(An associate company of Hurseal Ltd.)



229 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tel: ABBey 3571

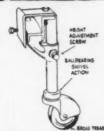


Can you beat it?

If you can't, we can — with the 'Prestige' Imperial Food Mixer. Although perhaps we shouldn't say it, it's the best little mixer in the world. We haven't illustrated it in this advertisement because no picture will do it justice. But you can see it for yourself at local stores and ironmongers. And it's our guess that, once you've seen it, you'll buy it. The name is 'Prestige' Imperial Food Mixer and it costs 42/- with rack, in gift box.



Every time you move the bed you'll bless the day you fitted Vono Castors. Easy-running Vono Castors take all the strain . . . . your bed glides just where you want it—at a touch. And how they save carpet wear, too! They just roll gently over the pile, so your carpets last much longer. Ask about Vono Castors at any good-class furnishers today.



Vono Castors are made to fit most types of bed, and you can get a set for as little as 49/-. It's child's play to fit them . . full instructions with every set.

#### **VONO LIMITED** Showrooms at:

LONDON: 71, Grosvenor Street, W.I. LEEDS: 8, Neville Street, GLASGOW: College Station, High Street. MANCHESTER: 95, Shudehill.



## A Perfect Picture!

The R.E.A.L. Plinth Light provides the ideal background

- No reflection on the screen
- No direct light reaches the eye
- Does not affect the brightness of the picture
- A delightful decoration in any room
- Sheds a softly diffused pervading radiance
- Only a 15-watt lamp is necessary

# R.E.A.L.

Pat. No. 659876

In choice of Pastel Cream, Gilt Lustre, Eggshell Black, Pastel Rose or Pastel Blue: complete with shockproof porcelain lampholder, heavy glass diffusing plate, and three yards of flexible cord.

Most good Electrical and Radio Stores can supply

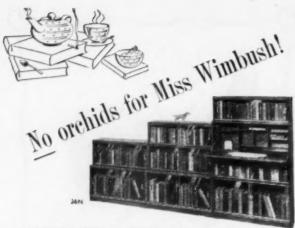
R.E.A.L. STANDARD
PLINTH

Ili dia at base. Price
Tax Paid.

6i dia at base. Price
Tax Paid.

28/-

Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., (T Dept), R.E.A.L Works, Birmingham, 18



Let there be no misunderstanding. Miss Wimbush is a very nice girl, indeed. And no nincum either. She reads. Her bachelor-girl flat is fairly cluttered with fashionable first editions in gay dust covers. And there's the pity. No orchids for Miss Wimbush where books are concerned! She loves them—and leaves them, sprawling in the dust. Oh, how neatly and nicely a single section of a Minty Bookcase would put things to rights. . then, as her heterogeneous house-party of famous authors grows, they can all be protected against teacup stains and general dishevelment—in further sections, stacked alongside or on top. Space-saving Minty bookcases are always complete, yet can always be enlarged. (It's a wonderful idea, Miss Wimbush!)

Magnificently made by master craftsmen, Minty Sectional Bookcases are mainly constructed in oak, walnut or mahogany and are available at these tax-free prices. Deferred terms are gladly arranged.

# YTHILM

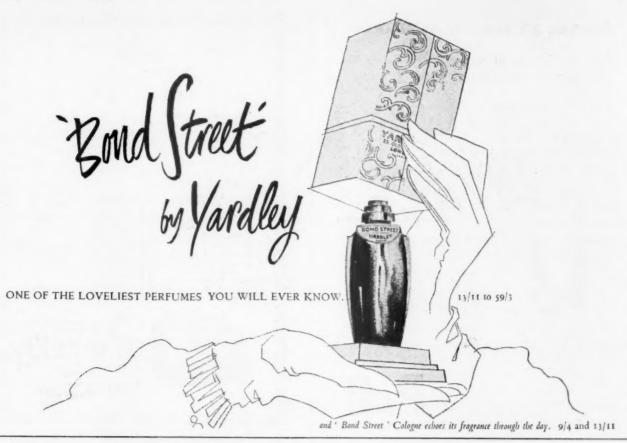
If you cannot call, write for full particulars to:— M:NTY LTD. (Dept. 404), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

Combination 21N £15.11.0 Combination 24N £23.16.0

Showrooms: LONDON: 123 Victoria Street, S.W.I. MANCHESTER: 7-9 Royal Exchange Arcade. BIRMINGHAM: 186-188 Corporation Street. GLASGOW: 556, Sauchiehall Street.







# Lady-you're wearing my coat

An obliging little character the Llama. He willingly sheds his summer coat for your winter warmth-your luxury.

Llama hair (alpaca), softer by far than sheep's wool and more durable, finds its loveliest interpretation in "Motoluxe". Coats, Motor Rugs, Foot Muffs-and other accessories; gloves to match-even Coats for men.

Here is quality without



Write or call for name of nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD. Showrooms: 45 Conduit St., London, W.1.



Write for name of nearest Jamal Specialist to Sales Affiliates Ltd., Boreham Wood, Herts. Tel. ELStree 1721

#### TRAVEL BY SEA TO AUSTRALIA

At considerably reduced fares between 1st Feb. and 31st May, 1955.
Returning homewards between 31st Aug., 1955 and 1st Jan., 1956. There and back, First Class only from £200.



#### FARES CUT TO



double

breasted

"DOWN UNDER"

If you wish to make the outward voyage only travel between 1st Feb. and 31st May, 1955. First Class only from £143.

14-16 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.I \* Tel: WHitehall 4444
OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

P&0

A pleasant surprise awaits many a man when first he sees himself in a MAENSON DUO double breasted suit. There is that air of distinction that makes a man enviable among his fellows. The difference is in the cloth, the

MAENSON DUO have been leaders in the art and craftsmanship of the perfect tailoring of ready-for-service clothes. You will find in the MAENSON DUO a worthy epitome of their high standards, and a suit that will keep its looks for years. The MAENSON DUO is available in a wide variety of

textures and patterns suitable for business or for casual wear; and in so many sizings that it is ten-to-one your outfitter has waiting for you a MAENSON DUO that fits you perfectly. SB 17 GNS. DB 18 GNS.

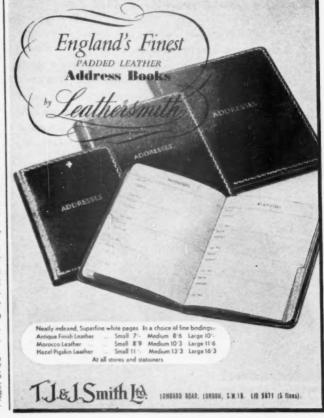
make and fit. For 95 years the makers of the

Maenson
Diff

Also other MAENSON Suits 12 guineas to 25 guineas. Overcrats. Jackets. Dress Clothes. Rainwear(MAERAIN) etc., etc.

Double Breaster today At leading men's shops in London and the Protences (including Army Army Stores, John Barkers, Peter Jones, Seliridues); Maenson Man's Shops at Patrick Thompsons, Edinburgh, D. M. Browns, Dundee; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds: Griffin & Spulding, Nottingham: or send for the name and address of your neurest stockist to JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD., 108 KEGENT ST., LONDON, W. J.





AS CONTRACTOR CONTRACT

# You can now get

After 15 years of rationing, restrictions on our purchases of American Virginia leaf have been eased. Now, for the first time since 1939, we can greatly increase the output of our best cigarettes, using leaf tobacco of our own selection.



# Rothmans de Luxe cigarettes



Rothmans well known Mail Order Service is therefore being discontinued, and all Rothman shops (except No. 5 Pall Mall, London S.W.I.) are being transferred to the ownership of approved tobacconists. We are distributing our cigarettes through the retail tobacco trade—at first in London only, and later throughout the country.

everywhere in London

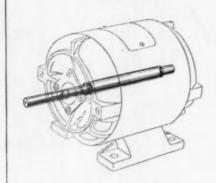
There are two superb brands—Rothmans de Luxe, in the black and white pack at 3/9d. for 20, and Pall Mall, Britain's first cigarette with the built-in filter, at 3/7d. for 20. Both cigarettes will give you the sheer enjoyment of tasting again real Virginia tobacco. Ask for them at your tobacconist.

\*\*almost, and if not, please tell us.

Rothmans of Pall Mall 5 PALL MALL, LONDON S.W.I.

# PARK GATE

QUALITY STEELS FOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING





hard shaft steel for electric motors

THE PARK GATE IRON & STEEL CO. LTD., ROTHERHAM
TRESPROND ROTHERMAN THE DEED TO THE BEARD THE TOTAL

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats for all occasions in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE
Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2

Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars





Champagne

Cider

The only Champagne Cider with the VINTAGE DATI

#### FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Pomagne has Champagne sparkle because it is made by the Champagne process. It is matured in bottle in deep cellars. You can afford to be generous with Pomagne as it is such excellent value.

5/- per bottle



# Extensions (present and planned) to Britain's largest board mills

Demand for packaging grows every year. Its importance is realised by industrialist and housewife alike.

Thames Board Mills Ltd.—the largest manufacturers of board and packing cases in this country—plans to serve industry still more by further large extensions to its Warrington Mills—extensions which when finished will have cost £9,000,000.

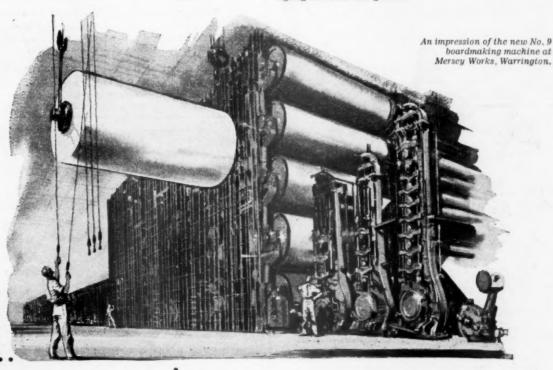
STAGE No. I is completed—the new giant No. 9

boardmaking machine at Warrington is already in production.

**STAGE No. 2**—well under way—is the construction of a converting factory at Warrington with a floor area of 250,000 sq. ft. to give additional production of fibreboard packing cases.

**STAGE No. 3** is the erection of an additional board-making machine (No. 10).

In adding to its own achievements, Thames Board Mills' organisation is ensuring more British packaging for British goods.



At Thames Board Mills production of board has multiplied fifty times in fifty years. This Company, who pioneered the large-scale usage of board and fibreboard cases in this country, now looks forward to the completion of these important extensions which will bring its total capacity at Purfleet and Warrington to half-a-million tons of "THAMES BOARD" and 125,000,000 "FIBERITE" packing cases a year.

#### THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD

PURFLEET, ESSEX & WARRINGTON, LANCS

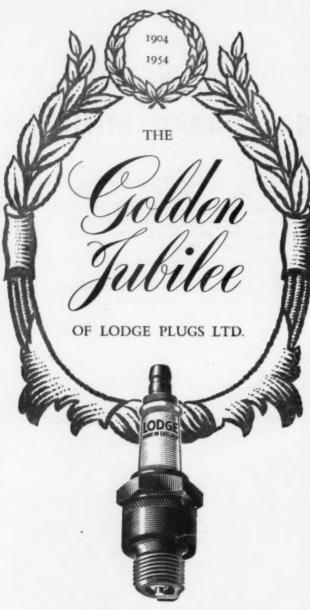


Manufacturers of:

"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding.
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard.

"ESSEX" BOARD for walls, ceilings, partitions.





... the golden jubilee of British technical supremacy in the development and manufacture of spark plugs

You can't buy a better plug!

# LODGE

PIONEERS IN 1904 · LEADERS IN 1954

# You will enjoy your smoking more with a **PONSON PURAFILT** cigarette holder



#### Now, note this exclusive Ronson touch -

It's fitted with spring-ejector.
Pull back and out goes cigarette
end. Cigarette can be stubbed
before ejection. Far superior!
With black ejector, and 10

Ronson Purafilter refills, 17/6. Gold-coloured or silver-coloured genuine engine-turned ejector, with 10 Ronson Purafilter refills, 22/6. From Ronson dealers.

For your protection look for the letter R for Ronson on the holder

Made by Ronson—makers of world's greatest lighter



# Nature's Masterpieces

can be instantly recognised – – so can



### HARRIS TWEED

A masterpiece of Man and Nature

THIS IS HOW

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark, It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.





LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



## **ROYAL MAIL LINES**

Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, London, EC3 MAN 0522 America House, Cockspur Street, London, SW1 WHI 9646 or Travel Agents



In the house, with a keg
on his shoulder,
Our story of Guy Fawkes begins:
When asked what he carried,
he cunningly parried:
"It's CURTIS-The SMOOTHEST Of GINS!"

And being a history student,
You're probably wanting to ask:
"What makes Curtis Gin
so much smoother?"
The answer's—MATURING IN CASK!

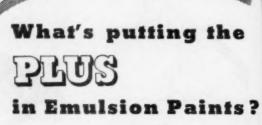
# **CURTIS GIN**

Smoother.

BECAUSE IT'S MATURED IN CASK

Curtis Distillery Co. Ltd., 13 New Burlington Street, London, W.1

Estd. 1769. Also blenders of Scotsman's Head Whisky



PLUS IN SPEED OF APPLICATION
PLUS IN LAPPING PROPERTIES
PLUS IN SMOOTH FINISH
PLUS IN DIS

PLUS IN DURABILITY
PLUS IN PRODUCTION

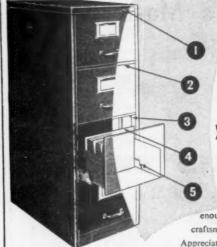
The paints with the PLUS? They're paints based on POLIMUL, polymeric emulsions by Dunlop. The POLIMUL range gives you a better product and better production. Dunlop supervision all along the line ensures undeviating uniformity, stability in storage and ease of pigmentation and loading—buyers know that successive deliveries of POLIMUL will possess the same characteristics. For free literature, advice or technical consultation on the plus that POLIMUL can put in your emulsion paints, write to the address below.

# Polimul

Polymeric emulsions by

DUNLOP

DUNLOP SPECIAL PRODUCTS LTD · FORT DUNLOP · ERDINGTON · BIRMINGHAM · 24
44PC[CA78



you don't see ... but do notice

Efficiency is still rare enough to excite interest in the craftsmanship that produces it. Appreciation of the appearance and

performance of this Constructors cabinet is immediate. Features which perpetuate its efficiency are (1) Lock controlling all drawers. (2) Non-rebound closure.

- Ocrner gussets ensuring rigidity. Side-mounted compressor plate.
- 3 Progressive roller bearings. Write for catalogue BG/760 for full specification.

APPROVED BY THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

# CONSTRUCTORS

Rogd. Trade Mark

STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE AND FACTORY

CONSTRUCTORS GROUP, Tyburn Road, Birmingham 24. Tel. \*ERDington 1616

London Office: 98, Park Lane, VV.I. Tel. MAYfair 3074

And at Manchester, Leeds, Bournemouth and Leicester



# The Famous



This dependable watch has an interesting history of long service and sturdy wear. With a 15-jewel shock-resisting Incabloc Swiss lever movement, and backed by the Mappin guarantee, it is highly recommended.

Raised gilt figures, Pigskin strap Chrome and steel case £9 · 10 · 0 · 9 ct. gold case £25. Anti-magnetic, water-resistant model with luminous dial Chrome and steel case £11 · 10 · 0

#### MAPPIN AND WERR

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1.

LIMITED 172 REGENT ST., W.1.

PARIS BIARRITZ

BUENOS AIRES

SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.

RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG

BOMBAY





In France
they drink more
\*Raphael than any
other apéritif

St. Raphaël is the real French wineaperitif, full strength, bottled in France. 22/- a bottle.

Drink it by itself served cold with a slice of lemon—that's how they enjoy it in France; or have a gin and St. Raphaël.



AND NOW
YOU CAN
GET IT
HERE—
FROM WINE
MERCHANTS
AND BARS

L'apéritif de France

SOLE IMPORTER

F. S. MATTA LTD., 218/220 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.S.



It's a bright idea . . . to give Swan Brand this Christmas! There's something for everyone in the Swan Brand range of electrical products - something that will

always look right and be right, made with traditional quality to give a lifetime's service. From all good electrical dealers and stores.



A smart, practical toaster, beautifully finished in light bronze with black base and chromium plated top. Toasts two slices at once and turns them over on opening and shutting the doors. A.C./D.C. Mains. Price 32/6

Togsters



Electric Fires

Attractive modern portable fires. 'Woodstock' I kw. 109/3; 2 kw. 167/3. Gold or satin silver finish, black base, chromium plated guards. Latest safety guards on all fires.



The 'Mayfair' percolator is finished in chromium plate on copper. Black heat-resisting handle. Almost instant percolation, visible through glass inset in lid. Automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Price 105/-



Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

# "Mon chair ami"



Quite the friendliest of chairs is my wing-back Windsor Tub with its buttoned back and sides,

> Grace it with your form and it will cradle you affectionately on foam rubber cushions, floating on cable springs. Sit, loll, sprawl or fidget, it will yield softly to your every whim. Nestle between its ample arms: rest your tired head against the gentle curve of its upholstered shoulder . . . but enough said. Get one for yourself and a lion's chair of comfort will be yours.

FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LTD · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS



# 'Look! There are milk and plain chocolates in the new VOGUE'

'Seeing how it's done' at Cadbury's Factory in a Garden at Bournville, Jean and Richard found plenty to surprise and fascinate them. But the thing that struck them most was the 'un-factoryness' of Bournville—the beautiful gardens, the playing fields, the swimming pool—everything that makes Cadburys such a different kind of factory.



A SHADY NOOK, screened from the factory by trees and shrubs and complete with pond and lilies, is a grand place to rest after lunch.



THESE APPETIZING MOUNDS of whole breath out of

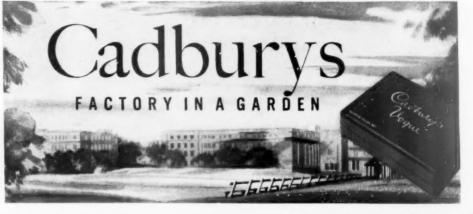
THESE APPETIZING MOUNDS of whole brazil nuts are destined soon to receive a thick covering of Cadburys rich full cream milk chocolete.



'HOW'S THAT?' Absolutely first rate, the visitors think, to have all these sports—cricket, tennis, swimming and everything, right on the doorstep.



SELECTED FRENCH CHERRIES, steeped in syrup, now take a tumble into soft white sugar. Another of the many delicious centres that make millions say 'I want Cadburys'.



ski or not to Winter sports clothes so coolly planned to be warmly admired on the slopes. Active ski wear: proofed poplin ski jacket in sky blue or navy with knitted collar and cuffs. £8.17.6. Ski jacket with hood in grey or mustard proofed poplin. £8.8.0. Daks ski trousers in navy, black or fawn proofed gaberdine. £9.9.0 After-ski wear: heavy-knit sweater with crossover neck in green/black, red/black, blue/black. £8.8.0. Crew-neck sweater, scarlet or blue with black and white design; black with scarlet and white; green with scarlet and yellow. £9.9.0 Simpson Write for our Winter Sports Booklet

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002

W S

STATE EXPRESS 555—the best Cigarettes in the World—for Christmas! The very thought conjures up visions of goodwill and expressions of appreciation. These Presentation Packings will win regard wherever they may go.

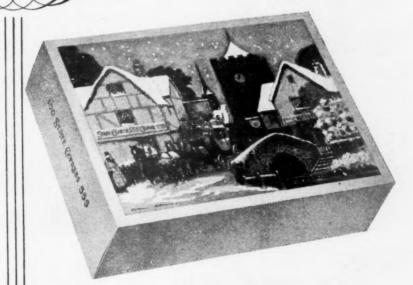


BY APPOINTMENT
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE MINING GLORGES

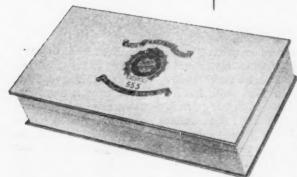


4-pint English Pewter Tankard. Made in Sheffield. Hammered finish, with glass base. Containing airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 Cigarettes—27/6



Greetings Packings
of State Express 555.

In colourful outers with a picturesque illustration of seasonable character.
50 State Express 555 Cigarettes—9/9½
100 State Express 555 Cigarettes—19/7



Presentation Cabinet.
Styled in traditional State Express 555
manner, this Cabinet
in primrose and gold contains
150 State Express 555 Cigarettes — 30/-

# STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



Why the Sagle is by far the best tyre for your car

 ${f B}$  ig cars put extra burdens on tyres. That's why the Eagle by Goodyear is by far the best tyre you can fit. Special construction makes it stronger through and through. Its carcass is built with Rayotwist cords to give it resilience and greater resistance to heat, shock and strain. The tread is tougher to combat fast starts, high speeds and quick stops. Buttressed sidewalls protect it from kerb scuffing and make cornering far steadier. And its proved All-Weather tread gives greatest grip on any road surface. In short, the Eagle provides the utmost in mileage, luxurious riding comfort and long life-the best choice for the bigger car.

Sagle by GOOD YEAR

THE ULTIMATE IN CAR TYRE QUALITY



ESTERDAY'S Lord Mayor's Show, it can now be revealed, was only based on the theme "The Colonies Come to London" after considerable controversy in committee. Some people had argued that there weren't enough Colonies left to make a decent-sized procession.

#### New Dignity of Labour

In the competition organized by the Printing World the first prize for newspaper design has been shared by The Times and the Daily Worker. No reaction was observed in The Times on the day of the announcement, though some signs of an eagerness to match its educated contemporary were seen in the Daily Worker's phrase, "In both docks, however, the men are standing find people serving you in restaurants who are wearing cast-off dress suits"—which has also been taken note of, naturally, by the Printing World.

#### The Wood for the Trees

LACK of new story ideas is a perennial anxiety in the cinema industry, says a film gossip writer. But surely the news



pages are always offering material? Only last week there was a report about an eighty thousand a year Hollywood star being sued for a maintenance allowance by his mother.

#### Drive it Home Somehow

ONE of the muddles which Mr. Heathcoat Amory has inherited from Major Lloyd George is the stagnation of the new welfare milk scheme; despite all the ingenuity of the Ministry of Food there are still more than five hundred thousand mothers who spurn

their entitlement to milk at threehalfpence a pint. One solution might be to redraft the publicity entirely, expressing the money saved in terms of instalments on the television set.

#### Cart Before the Horse

MUNICIPAL, no less than national, administration lacks sadly for common sense sometimes, as in the case where Bridlington Corporation failed to find an assistant solicitor by advertising the post in the ordinary way, and therefore



baited the appointment by offering a house to go with it. Surely the thing was to advertise the house, and skim off a short list of solicitor applicants?

#### Mental Arithmetic Note

LITTLE more was heard of President Eisenhower's "pyramid" campaign, in which he telephoned ten American citizens for their votes and asked each of them to telephone ten more, and so on. Perhaps it was just as well. Supposing the operation to have got through even ten stages, a Republican poll of 10,000,000,000 votes might have looked a bit fishy.

#### Case of the Tiny Wristband

TELEVISION celebrity interviewers, no less than other members of society, are worried over the mounting changeling rate in our maternity wards. In a generation's time the celebrity asked the stock question about who he would like to be if he wasn't 'aimself may have to reply that he isn't, actually.

#### Say "Ah!"

UNDER a new Ministry of Health ruling all doctors' surgeries must be regularly inspected for the adequacy of the amenities provided; the *British Medical Journal*, applauding the idea, points out that it is already in force in Birmingham, where doctors practising in one part of the city undertake to act as inspectors in another. When a diagnosis proves very grave, of course, a second opinion will be insisted on.

#### Old Clerical Workers Never Die

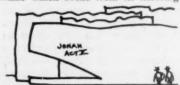
CIRCULARS sent out last month by the Marylebone Spiritualist Association Limited bore the filing reference A/BL/SA/IC/H/TU/P/BK/PS/FB. This suggests a reluctance by late members of the office staff to sever their connection with the association.

#### **Small Beginnings**

CHELTENHAM police, says a report, are hard at work on the recent twenty-thousand-pound jewel robbery, and hope to discover whether this was "a planned raid or the work of a petty thief." If the latter, they hope that he won't try getting into the big time.

#### The Moby Dick Story

AFTER three days the R.A.F., the coastguards and the merchant navy abandoned the search for an artificial whale which broke from its moorings



during the filming of Herman Melville's story. Quite right too. A quest of this kind has been known to develop into an obsession, and then someone would have had to write the book of the film.

#### Skin of the Part

THE actor who blackened himself all over before attempting Othello can no longer lead the field as the prime exemplar of character identification: a

Shropshire parochial church council ended its agenda for last week's meeting with the items:

6. Production of Murder in the Cathedral.

7. The Disposal of Ashes after Cremation.

8. Any other business.

#### One Man Band

Now that Toscanini's former orchestra has played successfully at Carnegie Hall without a conductor, people are



saying that conductors are not necessary to an evening's orchestral entertainment. Admirers of Sir Malcolm Sargent, however, say that they would rather do without the orchestra.

Near Enough, Anyway

STUDENTS of last week's White Paper on the national debt were a little puzzled to find that the net increase for the year was quoted at the round figure of £532m., whereas a passing reference to the total debt put it with care at £26,583,032,762. The only explanation seems to be that the latter figure should really have had an m. after it.

#### **Toc-Slashing Reduction**

RECOMMENDATIONS by an American judge that juvenile literature should at once abandon themes of ghouls, werewolves, cannibals, vampires and the walking dead seem rather too drastic. Strong drugs of this kind cannot be given up overnight, and only a planned tapering-off, through ordinary shootings, hangings and beatings-up to petty theft and simple arm-twisting, could hope to keep both readers and writers out of the psychiatrist's waiting-room.

#### Muscular Criticism

THE Cooper and the Rothenstein Were walking in the Tate.

"Do you suppose," the Cooper said,

"They'll ever get it straight?"
"Well, you're no help," said Rothenstein,

And kicked him through the gate.

#### STABILITY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

R. ANTHONY NOTHING initiated a debate on the Middle East. He said that, as a result of the recently concluded Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, he was very hopeful that relations between the two countries would continue to improve. Colonel Nasser fully shared this hope, and had expressed himself in the friendliest terms in the course of a number of conversations. The Treaty negotiations had been governed by the principle of give and take. We had given the Suez base, and taken the right to remove our troops therefrom, thereby gaining a considerable strategic advantage. was true, of course, that Colonel Nasser's position could not be regarded as entirely secure. A recent infamous attack on him was most regrettable, and would be deeply deplored by all sections of the House. At one time it had appeared that General Neguib would emerge as the dominant personality, and the rôle of Major Salem had from time to time seemed equivocal. Whatever might or might not happen to these estimable persons, however, Her Majesty's Government felt that the new relationship established with the Egyptian Government had served to enhance British authority and influence throughout the Middle East. There was good reason to hope that present restrictions on traffic through the Suez Canal would in due course be, if not lifted, at least appreciably eased. Nor did he see any reason for apprehension on the part of the Israeli authorities. Newspaper reports which had been brought to his attention quoted Colonel Nasser as making some rather bellicose remarks regarding Egypt's Israeli neighbours, but he could only say that very much the reverse had been the case in his own exchanges with the Egyptian Prime Minister on the subject. If his words now could reach Cairo he would like to express the most earnest hope that wiser counsels would prevail among any in Colonel Nasser's entourage who nourished dreams of revenging themselves for the reverses suffered in previous fighting with Israel. was undeniable that possession of the former British base at Suez, and agreements which had been entered into for the provision of arms to Egypt, as to all Arab nations, could be construed as adding to Egypt's military potential. He for his part preferred not to take such a view. He firmly believed that the intentions of Colonel Nasser and his colleagues were genuinely pacific. A test of this would be their attitude towards the Sudan. In his talks with Colonel Nasser he had made it clear that for either Egypt or ourselves to seek to influence the Sudanese in the choice of their future status would be a breach of the standing agreement. There had been reports of Egyptian attempts to exert undue persuasion on the Sudanese, sometimes, he regretted to say, with pecuniary support; but here, too, he hoped that wiser counsels would henceforth prevail. In Persia, he was happy to say, a satisfactory settlement had now likewise been reached. He hoped that any who thought of emulating Dr. Moussadek and unilaterally confiscating British property would take warning from the Persian experience, and realize that they might be called on to reimburse, over a period of ten years, as much as a twelfth of the capital value of what had been confiscated. Finally, he wished to reinforce the Prime Minister's wise words regarding the uselessness of military bases like the one at Suez in this atomic age. At the same time, he wished the House clearly to understand that it still might be necessary, in certain circumstances, to re-activate the Suez base, and even to establish other like bases in the same area.





THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

## Child's Guide to Commercial Television

PLEASE, Uncle Randolph, why have Uncle Esmond and Uncle Gomer been chosen to run the new television programmes?

A. Because they are very rich men.

Q. Aren't there any other rich men?

A. Yes, but they don't own newspapers.

Q. Why must one own a newspaper to be chosen by Sir Kenneth Clark and Sir Robert Fraser to run a television programme?

A. Sir Robert thinks that people who run newspapers might be very good at running television. And if the people who run television programmes also own newspapers they won't be inclined, I suppose, to say horrid things in their papers

about Sir Kenneth and Sir Robert.

Q. Will Uncle Max have a television programme?

A. I don't think so.

Q. Is that why when he went away to Canada he said that he was full of gloom and sorrow?

A. No, I don't think that was the reason. You see Uncle Max has given all his papers to charity and hasn't owned any cinemas for years; so he is no longer really eligible for commercial television. Besides he is practically under contract to the B.B.C. as their star entertainer. But he may be offered a tiny programme up in Scotland.

Q. Will the television news broadcasts be run by Uncle Esmond and

Uncle Gomer?

A. Certainly not. Parliament would

not trust people who own newspapers to run a news service on television.

Q. Then who will run the news programmes?

A. Perhaps someone like Mr. Prince Littler.

Q. Does Mr. Littler know about news services?

A. Of course not.

Q. What does he know about?

A. He knows all about music-halls and his brother, not a Prince, knows all about pantomimes.

Q. Isn't Mr. Littler going to be allowed to run the entertainment then?

A. So many of the entertainers already work for him, and if they tried to appear on other television programmes he might say unkind things to them when they wanted to act in his theatres. And Sir Kenneth Clark wouldn't like that.

Q. Aren't Uncle Gomer and Uncle Esmond very busy running their news-

papers!

A. Very. And I hear poor Uncle Esmond is a little shorthanded.

Q. Then how will he find time to run these nice new television programmes?

A. I expect Uncle Esmond will have to hire a man to run them for him and someone else to advise him who to hire. He also has a very rich friend called Mr. Harold Drayton who will help him all he can.

Q. Isn't he very busy running a lot of other businesses?

A. Yes. Twenty-nine.

Q. Has Uncle Gomer got anyone to help him?

A. Yes. Mr. Maurice Winnick.

Q. Who is he?

A. A band leader.

Q. Oh! that sounds better. Why are the Conservatives so cross about it all?

A. Because Sir Kenneth Clark is a Liberal and Sir Robert Fraser is a Socialist.

Q. Then why are the Socialists so angry, Uncle Randolph?

A. Because Sir Kenneth and Sir Robert have given all the best programme hours to the Conservatives.

Q. Where will Uncle Gomer and Uncle Esmond find the money to pay for all these lovely programmes?

A. From their shareholders, of course, and later from those nice people who make detergents.



"Next time THINK before you give him all your loose coppers."



"Well, if only you could see your way to allow me a bit more than £255 for the unique, lively, handsome and economical car that will always maintain its value that you sold me for £895 a couple of years ago I think I'd seriously consider buying the unique, lively, handsome and economical car that will always hold its value that you want to sell me now for £1,250."

Q. Will the shareholders be consulted?

A. Don't be silly.

Q. Will the advertisers be allowed to run a news programme?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Waverley don't think they always tell the truth.

Q. Will they tell the truth in their advertisements?

A. That doesn't matter.

Q. Did Uncle Esmond use his newspapers to persuade the Government to set up commercial television?

A. Not a bit. He hired a very clever and witty man to write in the *Daily Mail* and say "It is not free television; it is not sponsored television; it is tonsured television."

Q. I suppose Uncle Esmond wants to give them a wig; but isn't it rather funny that Uncle Esmond wants to run a programme?

A. Frightfully funny. But you see, Uncle Esmond's father was a Liberal, and it is a famous Liberal principle that "all legitimate interests are in harmony." None of your uncles liked the idea of commercial television because they thought it might take advertisements away from their papers; but if there is going to be commercial television they naturally want to come in.

Q. Will there be nice programmes for us children, Uncle Randolph?

A. Oh! certainly. That will be taken care of by a very kind lady called Miss Margaret Popham.

Q. Who is she?

A. She used to be headmistress of Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Q. Does she know about good children's programmes?

A. She is not only very kind, she is a "progressive" lady. She may arrange for the *Daily Mirror* to have a programme. They will bring you lovely pictures.

Q. Goody-goody. That will be ever so nice for Miss Popham's young ladies. Why haven't Uncle Seymour and Uncle Michael been given a television programme?

A. I don't think they really want one. I think they agree with that nice Mr. Wadsworth up in Manchester. They all think the boys will lose their pants.

Q. Goodness, how sad!

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

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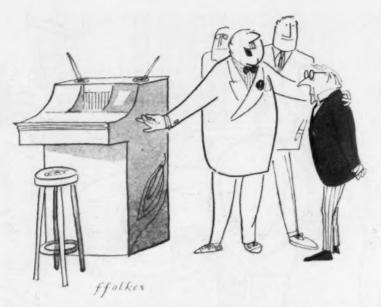
#### Undreamed Of In Your Philosophy

"'Marxism [said Gromyko] is spreading throughout the world. And what philosophy are you putting against it?" Slightly take, aback, I apprehensively mentioned two names I could recall—Lord Russell and Mr. A. J. Ayer."—Mr. Christopher Mayhete

THE Western Philosophers'

Back Russell-he's your man;

And A. J. Ayer is somewhere there."
Christ also ran.



"And as a keepsake of your long and faithful service, Jackson, we would like to present you with your old desk and stool."

### Cast List

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE London Magazine, with that horrible coyness that spread from copywriting to culture in the days of Horizon, heads its notes on contributors: "In Case You Don't Know." Well, I didn't know that Richard Drain is now starting his third year reading English at Sidney Sussex, that Sofronis Sofroniou is reading for an M.A. or that David Collinson has sold only one poem and this is it. Nor do I care.

If I ever came into money, heavy money that would buy more than sun and laziness, I should start a monthly and, reversing what I guess to be the usual procedure, I should work outwards from an ideal contributors' list. At the end of my monthly there would be something like this:

#### Meet our Contributors

TONY WINCE was educated at Eton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Bologna. He is now working as a Dairying Master at a progressive school in South Dorset. He has had poems published by *The Listener*, *The Spectator* and *The Times Literary Supplement* and is at work on a study of William J. Locke.

SONIA KERAKITIS is 17. She has won an Anglo-Unesco Travelling Bursary

for Epic and is now living on the Welsh Border.

MOLLY PRINGLE is the pseudonym of a young actor who is hoping to build up a second career as a short story writer. He is fond of cricket and has not been published before.

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT is well known as a poet and critic.

PERCIVAL H. CLAY is a biographer and broadcaster. He was educated at Blundells and Gibson and Welldon's and has written a verse drama, still in manuscript, on the Tichborne Case. Hobbies: claret and co-education.

M'woro M'woro. Accra and Keble. Is working for a research degree on The Fiscal Policy of the Goderich Government. Has had reviews published in France and the U.S.A.

STEPHEN SPENDER. Poet and critic. Edits *Encounter*. Swims.

JOHN LEHMANN. Poet and critic. Edits The London Magazine. Rows.

PHILIPPOS PETROPOS. Born Lemnos. Educated Athens, London School of Economics, Balliol and Harvard. Has translated poems of William Empson into the better Ægean dialects. Now engaged on a psychomatic study of the earlier New England Poets. Has

contributed widely to the critical reviews and writes detective stories under the pseudonym "The Cop on the Corner." Has two children, one girl, one not.

BEN CROMACH. Mercury-amalgamator. Lives at Greenock. Prominent in the revolt against the dominance of Lallans. Writes in purified Renfrewshire. Has done much broadcasting on Scottish Regional, and arbitrated at The Scottish Vairse Festival. Has written Auld Licht Eidylls, A' o' No', Oot upo' Paisley, etc.

HERMANN SCHLOSS. Editor of Ja! and leader of the Affirmative Movement. Now living in isolation outside Pulborough to complete autobiographical trilogy.

COR ANGLAIS. Pseudonym of well-known satiric poet that he intends to use in future when he writes lyrical verse. He was educated at a boarding school in the North of England and spends his holidays climbing. He has lived in Switzerland, Colombia and Finland and is now in Local Government Service.

ELEUTHERIOS GORGIOS. Bootian poet and critic. Now living on a travelling scholarship in London. Hopes to publish a novel shortly.

As I assemble my team I begin to see their works, the translations from those Greek poets who have not yet learned English, the pages torn from a book of forthcoming reminiscences describing a visit to Norman Douglas or André Gide, the very straightforward story of the hot, childhood day when the other little goatherd fell down a crevasse and left the narrator unable to forget how he turned away to eat a handful of dates (the very same handful of dates that provides a title for the story), the study of race relations in General Motors. And, to be fair, I see also the editor coming out of the wings and claiming a larger and larger share of the biographical notes for himself.

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M.C.C. Brought Under Control

"The big stand lasted four hours and a 15,000 crowd, the best of the tour, saw the Australian bowlers, which included Ian Johnson, a Test candidate, mastered.

It was eventually checked by firemen with hoses and beaters."

Herald Express



"They're only breaking these blasted records so they can do us out of complimentary meals."

## The Late Mr. James Beale

#### By RONALD DUNCAN

ECAUSE I travel a lot it's assumed that I meet scores of interesting people. I don't. In my opinion there are not more than two thousand people on the face of the earth. A bore's a bore whether his skin is white, yellow or red; and a platitude drops just as heavily in Peru as a cliché does in Constantinople. In my time I've known Gandhi, Stravinsky and Cocteau, not to mention Ezra Pound and Pandit Nehru. But by far the most interesting man I've met was a Mr. James Beale.

He was a retired bank manager living in a sedate but dingy suburb in south London. I never discovered much about him except that he was a widower and that most of his savings were invested in stamps. But, for all that, we must have had something in common to make up for the disparity in our ages.

For Mr. Beale was sixty-eight and I was only five.

I can remember our introduction vividly. I was on my way home from the dame school which I used to attend then of an afternoon. The only thing I ever learned at this school was french knitting. One held a cotton-reel in one hand and a bent hairpin in the other and poked the rainbow-coloured wool over four nails surrounding the hole in the reel. This produced a snake-like coil from the other end of the reel, which my teacher had made into reins. And with this home-made harness on my back, a pencil-box clutched in my hand, and with a girl called Peggy who lived a few doors away acting as jockey, I was just coming into the home straight when I ran into Mr. Beale.

That was because he was standing across the pavement. Mr. Beale was our

next-door neighbour and I'd always looked upon him from a distance as a most forbidding old gentleman. And there he was now, still wearing his City uniform of black coat, pin-striped trousers and stiff collar, with the usual dove-grey spats over his highly polished boots. He didn't move out of our way, but stood his ground, beaming in a most benign manner down at us.

We stopped our canter.

"What are you doing, sonny?" he said.

"Playing horses. I'm Black Bess. Peggy is Dick Turpin."

"Indeed. Then I'd better be a fivebar gate. You see if you can jump over me."

So saying, he eased his trousers up at the knees to avoid creasing them, and knelt down on all fours on the pavement before me. This strange action



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frightened Peggy. She dropped my reins immediately and ran off up the road, calling for me to follow her. I pretended not to hear. Mr. Beale looked such a tempting five-bar gate.

I took a run and jumped.

"Well done. You just managed to clear me."

He rose, dusted his knees and took me by the hand. Together we walked up the road. It was one of those hot dusty London evenings when every breath of air seems soiled. He led me right up to my gate which adjoined his own.

"I suppose your Mummy will be waiting to give you your tea?" he said, as if he had enjoyed our game down the road and was reluctant to leave me. Somehow I sensed his loneliness.

"I daresay I could stay out and play for a bit if you'll be a five-bar gate again," I bribed.

He glanced up at my mother's windows. "No, I don't think I can do that again here," he said, "but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go and water my flowers. I've got two watering cans. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, do let's do that," I cried eagerly, and let him take me by the hand again and lead me up his front steps. Then, as his front door closed behind me, I remembered that Mr. Beale had no garden. All the houses in our street were identical. And none of them had a garden. I stood there in his narrow hall, wondering what I should do. But I forgot my fears immediately I heard the old man running the water in his back kitchen.

"Come and get your can," he called, adjusting the rose as he lifted a can out of the sink.

Mine was almost too heavy for me to carry. So Mr. Beale took both, one in each hand.

"But where are your flowers?" I asked. "You haven't got a garden."

A moment of anger or bewilderment seemed to cross his face.

"Oh, haven't I?" he replied. "Just you follow me."

We went upstairs to his drawing-room.
"There," he said, "and I don't suppose you'll ever see such beautiful flowers though you live to be as old as I am. Mrs. Beale loved lilies."

And with that, he solemnly began to water the fleur-de-lis patterned in his carpet.



"You do one border. I'll do the other."

When we'd emptied our cans Mr. Beale refilled them from the bathroom. After fifteen minutes the carpet was sodden.

"Haven't you any more flowers?" I asked, enjoying myself as I'd never done before.

"I'm afraid not. And, anyhow, your Mummy will be wondering where you are. You'd better run along and have your tea; besides, I've got to get busy now and feed my animals."

"I didn't know you had a dog."

"I haven't."

"A cat, then?"

"I suppose some people would call panthers cats," he said, "for they're the same species." Then he mumbled a Latin name.

"I've never seen a panther," I

pleaded. "Do let me help you feed your panthers. How many have you?"

"Two," he replied. "One is called Morning and the other is called Night. And when they lie down together the world is as lonely as night."

He spoke in the most matter-of-fact tones, rather like a schoolmaster.

I followed him out of the room where we'd watered the flowers on the carpet; and, as he shut the door behind me, I noticed that it bore the inscription "Garden," painted neatly in the middle of one panel.

As we went downstairs to the kitchen we passed two other doors. One bore the word "Forest" and the other "Sea." Bank managers are generally methodical.

Mr. Beale collected a large knuckle of beef from the larder and we immediately returned and entered the forest.



"I passed with honours!"

This room was entirely bare except for a scurry of rats leaving a bone which lay by the fireplace. Mr. Beale didn't seem to have noticed the rats, which had by now disappeared behind the wainscoting. He now knelt down and placed the beef beside the bare bone. Then he stood up again and lit a night-light which was on the mantelshelf. He placed it in a saucer of water, just as my nannie did every night when she put the night-light by my bedside. But my friend placed his in the centre of the floor. Then he drew the heavy velvet curtains which darkened the room completely.

"We must crouch in this bamboo grass," he whispered. "If we stay absolutely quiet the panthers will come down from the hills and drink from that pool."

"What pool?"

"Ssh," he said, pointing to the little saucer of light. "Night is very thirsty of light. And it's because these panthers drink so much that all our days get drained away."

"You mean that if we gave them salt to eat," I said, "then they'd get so thirsty they'd drink so much time up that there'd be no to-morrow?"

The idea appealed to me. I never did like school.

"Exactly," he answered. "You at

least understand. But of course you would. But you mustn't talk now or you'll frighten them away."

We continued to squat on the floorboards.

Suddenly Mr. Beale took a jack-knife from his pocket and struck ferociously at the wall by his side.

"That's the second python I've killed this week," he confided. "They're easy to dispatch if you stab them between their emerald eyes. Now look, the panthers are coming down now. There, beneath those mango trees. See how cruel the hard jewels of their eyes are—like rubies of hate. And how sensuously they move on their silent paws as though all the world were as soft as wood ash."

"Are they drinking the light now?"
I asked.

At that moment the night-light flickered. Perhaps a down-draught from the chimney blew it out; but the forest suddenly became a blanket of darkness to me. And I screamed. Mr Beale picked me up and carried me out to the hall.

"That was a near thing," he said, mopping his brow. "It was just like a nightmare only we both happened to be awake. That's the worst of life; it becomes so terrible, it leaves no terrors

for our dreams. Now you must go home or your Mummy won't let you play with me any more."

"She doesn't know I'm here."

"No. And don't tell her either. Or she'll never let you come fishing with me to-morrow. It's Friday to-morrow. Friday is fishing."

It was easy for me to lie. Falsehood was always second nature to me. I learned to lie as soon as I learned to talk. For I never could distinguish between what had really happened and what I had only imagined.

"We were kept late at school," I told my mother, "because we had to stay and learn the song we're to sing to the parents at prize-giving; and we may be late again to-morrow," I added, thinking of Mr. Beale's promise to take me

His boat, kept in the room which bore the inscription "Sea," was an old deal kitchen table. We launched it by merely turning it upside down. Then we tied a teacloth across the legs at one end to serve as a sail. I remember these legs were splintered and rough where a cat had once sharpened its claws. Mr. Beale, wearing a white seaman's sweater with a roll-collar neck, rowed with a couple of furled umbrellas as oars. I acted as coxswain and tried my best to keep the nose of the boat at right angles to the breakers, to prevent us from being overturned. There was quite a swell on.

"Are you a good sailor?" Mr. Beale asked, labouring against the current. I nodded apprehensively.

"Better bale out a bit," he said, indicating an old enamelled saucepan in the prow of the boat.

I did as I was told, terrified lest we should sink and drown. And he rowed on for another ten minutes where the sea seemed calmer, sheltered by a headland. Here we cast our lines, after baiting our hooks with earthworms which Mr. Beale produced from a tobacco tin from his pocket. But it seemed horrible to me seeing the worms writhing on the hooks upon the floor.

We stayed fishing for over half an hour. I began to feel bored. I even dozed, closing my eyes and letting my line go slack.

Mr. Beale seized this opportunity.
"Pull in," he cried, waking me, "you've
got a bite." Frantic with excitement,
I pulled in my line. Two smoked

kippers were fixed on the hook. I chuckled with pride.

"Can we have these for tea?" I asked. He nodded and we promptly beached our boat and went down again to the kitchen.

I had great difficulty in getting through the tea my mother had prepared for me that evening.

"Peggy gave me a huge apple, and made me eat it on the way back from school," I explained.

For the next few days my mother took to meeting me herself. I fretted silently for Mr. Beale; and as we walked past his house I could barely drag myself from all the magic inside his gate.

Then one Sunday afternoon about a fortnight later, while my mother was reading "Brer Rabbit" to me in the drawing-room, we heard a terrific row coming from Mr. Beale's house. He was shouting and struggling. I wondered if the panthers had got him or whether his boat had capsized.

My mother stood up and went to the window. Outside Mr. Beale's gate stood a black hospital van. Four attendants pushed the raving maniac towards it, while smoke belched from one window of his house.

Apparently poor Mr. Beale had quenched the forest fire which flared within his brain by the well-known bush trick of lighting another.

As they bundled him into the back of the van he saw me up at the window.

"Don't forget to give food to Morning and Night," he called.

"I wonder why he shouted to you?"
my mother said.

"I don't know," I lied.

Then they slammed the door on him and drove away.

"About time," my mother said. "He ought to have been put away years ago."

"Then they ought to take me too," I sobbed, more truthfully than I knew.

#### New Twist

"New teak entrance doors presented by the School Parents' Association to commemorate the Coronation, were officially handed over at Clarendon House Grammar School for Girls, Ramsgate, at a Founders' Day ceremony. The Chairman of the Association, Mrs. J. W. Coveney, presented the key to the head girl, Elizabeth White. Both were remanded in custody."

Kentish Express

### Maud-An Official Invitation

(From the Whitehall Anthology)

I HAVE the honour, madam, to

That a confidential meeting is desired;

Important points of principle arise,

On which a firm decision is required.
"Most Immediate" summarizes my
impression

Of the situation up to which we face; You may therefore wish to have in your possession

A dispassionate appraisal of the case.

Firstly, madam, I am conscious of the fact That your heart was not entirely in the dance;

That you were, if I may say so, forced to act.

Lest you gave the gentry grounds to look askance.

Your behaviour vis-à-vis that youthful peer

To a critical observer were enough (Not to labour it unduly) to appear Very nearly tantamount to a rebuff.

Now the invitee's departure from the hall Is but one of many signals that portend

The eventual conclusion of the ball, In short, if I may coin a phrase, the As corroborative evidence please note The concomitant dispersal of the band:

The chances would indeed appear remote

That any further revelry is planned.

Floral tributes to the rightness of my views

Are afforded by the lily and the rose;

Other elements of nature bear the news
That the night, in point of fact, will
shortly close;

There is every indication that the day Will be rehabilitated by the dawn;

In the light of all these facts I am to say

That your presence is desired across the lawn.

There exists, as you will not be unaware, In the very near vicinity a gate,

Facilitating access, as it were,

To the horticultural part of the estate. Every circumstance confirms my satisfaction

That a meeting here will not be noised abroad;

I accordingly await your further action
And remain at your entire disposal,
Maud. Desmond Cooper



### **Ducal Floor Show**

#### By LORD KINROSS

In the homely State which Britain now is, the stately home must compete with such popular industries as the stadium, the supercinema and the ice palace. British dukes, luckily harder headed than French ones since they took, long ago, to marrying the daughters of shopkeepers, are to-day in the show business, for the entertainment of their superiors, the People. We are now a nation of shopkeepers with an aristocracy of showmen.

Showman No. 1, drawing the largest gate money, is the Duke of Devonshire, proprietor of the Chatsworth chain. Among his stocks-in-trade are his floodlit façade (which got him his money back the very first night) and the fact that he astutely gives free teas to coach drivers. Showman No. 2 is the Duke of Marlborough, who beats his rivals on sheer size, Blenheim being a palace, like all super-cinemas, but bigger. Over Showman No. 3 there is some dark speculation. It is believed to be Lord Warwick, with his castle, his peacocks, and their proximity to Stratford-on-Avon. But Lord Warwick, with some wariness, and to the disquiet of the rivals, does not publish his figures.

Showman No. 4 is Lord Bath, of the Longleat Properties, whose peacocks are always disappearing (he may be seen stalking them, free of charge, with a distraught air, from behind yew hedges). He has planted a brand new avenue of tulip trees, and curdles the blood of his clients by an initiation into the crypt-like horrors of Victorian below-stairs life. His highest box office receipts come from "Mendip's Floodlit Caves," in the Cheddar Gorge, whose stalactites have been carved by nature into the likenesses of earls and marquesses, and whose guides-and sometimes even the lord himself-sell the People a perfume called "Cave Man Passion."

Showman No. 2, however, has now outstripped the rest of the field. The Duke of Marlborough has staged, in the marble foyers of his palace and in the presence of Royalty, a mammoth floor show: M. Dior and his Girls, in some £50,000 worth of gorgeous dresses, flown over from Paris. The palace, as portrayed on the cover of an elegant programme, was a stage-set in trompe l'oeil, framed in curtains of ducal velvet and gold. Its lawns and courtyards were parked with ranks of powerful expensive cars, as for a point-to-point. And indeed a point-to-point it was, obliging the Girls of M. Dior to walk three and a half miles each, from the Grand Cabinet, through the Green Drawing-room, the Green Writing Room, the Saloon, the First, Second and Third State Rooms, and down the straight of the Long Library, before a Princess and an audience of sixteen hundred, sitting on gold chairs at five guineas each (for the Red Cross).

It was the Duke of Marlboroughan unobtrusive pink duke with a white gardenia-who presented the spectacle. But it was the Duchess who directed it, having a martial aspect worthy of her husband's battling ancestor, and being in fact a Major-General, or its equivalent, in the British regiments of women. Her legions were the ladies of the British Red Cross, blazing with medals. Bustling about the great hall, with an air of brisk efficiency, emitting n faint whiff of chlorine, they created a fine battle atmosphere. Ranged through the Long Library, full-busted, short-skirted, stout-shod, stretcherbearers within call, they inspired confidence from the start.

Confidence was needed. The first Duke of Marlborough had built his palace on the proceeds of a victory against France. And here was the French counter-attack: the soft answer, pervasive and subtle. One by one the Girls, creatures surely from another planet, wafted themselves through the rooms. Models in Britain are mere members of the British county families. Models in France are a species apart, with a spirit of dedication and a mythology all their own; their goddess, the one who had an accident, was given the first choice of an internal or a facial operation, chose the facial, and died-a human sacrifice to Beauty.

Alla and Francine, Diana and Paulo, Lucky and Renée and Claire, they were goddesses all, from the planet Dior, with smiles like sphinxes, bodies like sylphs, and steps like phantoms. Amid the aroma of a perfume rarer than chlorine or Cave Man Passion, to the music of an organ, now sacred, now profane, they moved, now backwards, now forwards, now round and about, while Queen Anne, carrying the orb and sceptre of a more earthly realm, gave them a frozen, marble look, and the Red Cross ladies barked out in



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relays the numbers and names of their creations, struggling bravely with the outlandish syllables of Andromède and Cunégonde, Va et Vient and the Avenue Montaigne, but feeling cheerfully at home with Park Lane (pillarbox red with black inside), Edimbourg (heather mixture) and Londres (a fuss of black lace with silver bows).

The clothes they wore had a weird simplicity, reflecting a planetary existence of dreamlike ease and space, with ladies dressing and undressing from morning until night; ensemble du matin, robe après-midi, robe après-midi habillée, robe cocktail, robe du dîner, robe du soir, robe de grand soir, and finally robe fin de journée. Here is a life without grime, where all live in palaces, without crowds to jostle and trample and spill, without buses to travel in, queues to stand in, kitchenettes to cook in. Amid the ormolu and the busts and the tapestries the colours of silks and satins and muslins gleamed as though from the stratosphere. Here was a mist over the moon, the glitter of an asteroid, the sheen of winter sunlight. Here were shapes which have yet to be invented by man or nature: a tulip billowing upwards from a column, a bell billowing downwards from a stalk. Here were brocades lined with sables, wings in the hair, a scarf like the Milky Way. Here finally, returning a little nearer to the carth, was a dress called Blenheim, comfortingly pink and elaborate.

There was applause from the earthbound: the ladies from Oxfordshire, from the Midlands, from Golders Green, in their all-day ensembles and frivolous hats. The organ played two national anthems, British and French. The Duchess, with an imperious wave of the hand, marshalled her legions, the nursing sisters, who, with a deft and consoling bedside manner, handed round champagne, finally breaking the silence

And now Chatsworth, Warwick and Longleat must rack noble brains. Perhaps Billy Graham on Ice—with peacocks.

#### Pantomime Note

"The music of Lully and the décor of Suzanne Lalique fit into a harmonious whale, allowing the actors to do their job unimpeded by tricks or production stunts."

Plays and Players



#### For Ernest Hemingway

NOW, as I bear away the most desired Of literary palms, I pouch the dough and televise my hail

And my farewell to alms.

Wealth in the afternoon is fine, and better Is immortality;

So never send to know for whom Nobel tolls—
This time it tolls for me.

B. A. Y.

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# The Hunting of an Insomniac

O commodity on earth is so gladly given as advice, especially advice on health. I know no one who can be relied on not to recommend a marvellous little man from Vienna, or who, without my professing any ailment, may not urge me to visit some obscure country bonesetter. I resist them-I resist them all. Yet I will let you into an absurd secret. I, too, know a cure—a cure for insomnia.

To people of true imagination (among whom, naturally, I include myself) it is books of reference that make the most fascinating reading, and just as Mr. Soapey Sponge never set out on one of his country house visits without a copy of Mogg's Ten Thousand Cab Fares, so I, on a difficult night, like to have within a hand's reach that red, thick annual, Baily's Hunting Directory.

It is 2 a.m. and sleep is elusive. Switching on the light, I open the directory and immediately the complete hunting cavalcade is conjured up. They are all there-from the Quorn (45 couples marked Q. Master-Major the Hon. R. Strutt. Tel. No. Kegworth 408. Meet Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday), too smart to quote their subscription rate, to the Waterville Kerry Beagles, who hospitably describe themselves as "at home to either fox or hare."

Turn over the leaves and you can follow the fortunes of any pack. You can detect the pack that can never keep a master and the master that can never keep a pack; then compare the entry for the Tynan Harriers and you will see that Miss Isa McClintock took over the mastership in 1899 and continued in the saddle for fifty-two seasons. Even the Dukes of Beaufort, who have presided over their own pack for one hundred and sixty-nine years, or the Ryan family, who

#### By GIDEON TODE

have hunted the Scarteen (the Black and Tans) since 1781, hardly eclipse her record. For the directory tells us that she rode to the Boxing Day meet in 1951 in her eighty-seventh year. What an iron nerve she must have possessed to stand up to the criticism of her subscribers for so long.

The most famous Master of Hounds, in song anyway, was John Peel, whose kennels still stand at Whitefield. Two fell packs, the Blencathra and the West Cumberland, boast descent from his Hunt, but the West Cumberland seem to have the better claim as their kennels are only a mile from the home of Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True. The entry describing the West Cumberland is somewhat forbidding. "Foxes are very scarce in some places. There is a great deal of wire. By far the best hunting is to be had before the wild weather sets in after Christmas," and



"Frankly, I'd be just as happy if the clans had decided to gather somewhere else!"

pulling the bed-clothes round me I decide never to go out with the West Cumberland before or after Christmas.

Jorrocks, however—the great J. J.—has not a single claimant as his heir, though I always understood that the Surrey Union were the descendants of the Handley Cross Hounds. Perhaps they are ashamed of that gross but lovable tea merchant. They have no need to be. The Handley Cross Hounds, like many another pack, had their ups and downs, but they showed great sport: the "Cat and Custard Pot" run would have been accounted a red-letter day anywhere.

For the third great literary creation of the hunting field we cross the Irish Channel, but, alas, I see from the directory that the West Carberry have folded up. This was the pack that was presided over by the Misses Somerville and Ross when they were describing the unforgettable exploits of Flurry Knox in The Experiences of an Irish R.M.

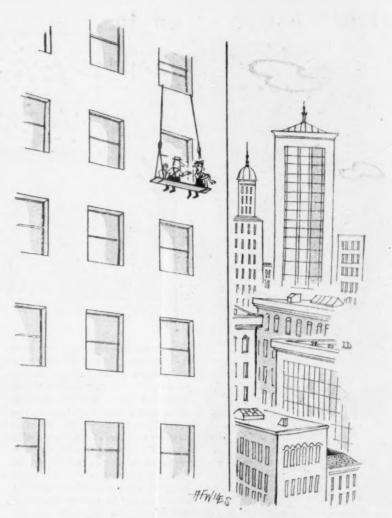
Thinking of Flurry Knox and Slipper, I am not surprised to find some of the Irish entries a trifle optimistic. Consider the Coollattin Hunt. It is described as "chiefly a bank country. No wire to signify." No wire to signify! Contrast this with the frank entry of the Armagh Harriers across the border, who say simply "Barbed wire is frequently met" and leave it at that. You know where you are with these Orangemen.

Perhaps even more revealing is the admission of the Aberdeenshire Harriers "Subscription—Not yet settled." What a committee meeting that must have been.

But let us wander, or rather hunt, farther afield. What about the Equipagem de Sto. Huberto? "Distinctive collar—Blue. Master of Honour—H.R.H. The Countess of Barcelone, Huntsman—Richard F. Thomson. Subscription—5.400 escudos. The country covers the whole of Portugal." Evidently we shall need a horse-box.

Or shall we chase jackal with the Ootacamund Hunt in the Nilgiri Hills, South India? "Master—Major Tabor, M.C. Defence Services Staff College, Wellington, S. India. Kennel Huntsman—Bapu Lall. Whippers-in—Baboo and Lallchand. To ride the country well"—so says the directory—"full use must be made of contours and hasten slowly is a good motto."

Nor do the entries for the United



"Would you care to step inside and repeat that?"

States of America lack colour. Consider the Chagrin Valley Hunt of Ohio; the Hunt servants wear scarlet with a green collar, while the members are resplendent in grey melton, green collar, canary tattersall with black and orange plaid waistcoats. Jumps are mostly solid rail panels and chicken coops put in by the Hunt. It must, indeed, be a glorious sight to see these gentlemen of Ohio in full fig flying the chicken coops.

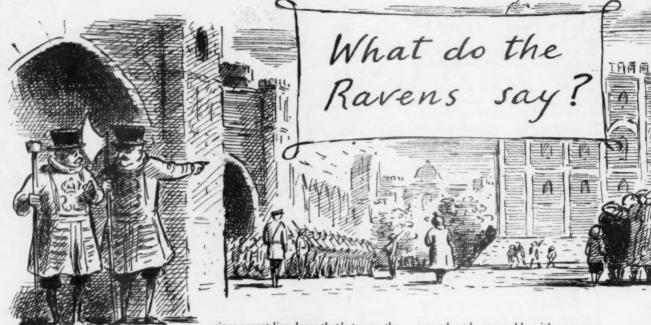
I am puzzled, however, by the entry for the Hazelmere Hounds of Boston, Virginia, the uniform being described as Oxford grey, colonial blue collar with buff binding. Oxford grey is, I fear, a colour unknown to me and, as lassitude begins to steal upon me, I realize that the matter can only be cleared up by writing to the secretary, Mrs. Alan D. Kinsley, Griffinsburg, Virginia.

For the spell has worked, the heavy book half slips from my hand and, tired as a kennelled hound after a twelve-mile point, I curl up and am asleep.

8 8

"Referring to the drinks, Mrs. Wheeler and Lodl Vivian had told of having on July 30, Cuncel said: "My submissin is that bth f them knew exactly what they were ding, but it maybe that the drink had taken effect n the rec

Catching, too.



OULD you believe it, till last week I'd never been in the Tower of London! Often enough I've gone, but my excursion has

ended with the Bridge or the boats, Billingsgate, Fenchurch Street station, Old Wapping: the Tower was a picture postcard, Elstree's and Harrison Ainsworth's, not mine. Then not so long ago I happened to meet it floodlit. Many London buildings acquire an ethereal charm lit photogenically; and I

thought for the moment I'd never seen anything quite so ensnaring, not even the gaunt Palais des Papes in Avignon viewed across two arms of the Rhone.

So, at last, I entered by Lions' Gate. The last lion must have been carried out well over one hundred and twentyfive years ago, and little has gone in since except live dogs: that's to say, the ever-increasing flow of tourists. From everywhere, though thinly at this time of year, they converge: Dutch marines, Swiss schoolgirls, drawly Americans, quick little French couples—how these Republicans thrill to the notion of Regalia!—and even a few of our English kind. We pass red-coat by his sentry-box: some halt to peer into his face, and wait till he stamps a left-turn and huffs off; but by that time most of us have wandered on over the lawn moat, and through more gates to the Inner Ward.

Which shall it be? Crown Jewels? (But look at the queue!) Towers, White or Bloody? Traitors' Gate? Prisoners' carvings? Instruments of Torture? As I stare about in the mild November sun the grass is so fresh, the old stone so clean, it's hard to believe in the murk of either history or London.

And from round the corner, at this moment, comes a flash of scarlet. The path clears and they swing along, twelve men and a corporal, to take up a position facing across the green. On the opposite side is another platoon, exactly similar. Officers appear, extravagantly tall or short. There are yelps, smacks, stares. One officer, gravely sauntering, smooths a bearskin the wind has ruffled. There's a pause, rather like that on a duelling

ground, and presumably with an eye on the clock, which nears 11.0.

Then each party leaps to rigidity, and salutes. Howls echo from wall to wall; what one says or does, so must the other; strophe and antistrophe carry our heads this way, that; bugle evokes bugle; at length it's all over, and the men relapse to what is misnomered ease, while their betters stalk off with an alacrity that hints at quick ones.

We stare at the abandoned clockwork ranks, hoping for some delayed trick of machinery working up, but nothing more happens, and nothing-we are assured by the old guide in beefeater's slacks-will or can happen till 11.30. He goes on good-humouredly with his yarn of the execution block, five feet from where I am standing and marked by a tablet. A raven, whose ancestors must have relished those early mornings, performs a hunched shuffle along a seatback. Three little girls inch nearer. The hump-back gives a terrible honk--that would make Poe wriggle with pleasure in his grave-and the children

We all scatter, the guided flock making for Beauchamp, others seeking out gravestones and jewels, others again (of whom I am one) centripetally drawn to the White Tower with its four flags flying. This great keep, which has



survived everything, including air-raids, houses the weapons with which oncefrightful wars were fought. We chalk a Mickey Mouse on an H-bomb; their gun-carriages were carved with writhing captives, mortars took the form of leopards or toads. (I halt before one used at Namur: poor Uncle Toby!) Cannon-balls, cross-bows, wheel-locks and powder-flasks, battle-axes, spiked maces, double-handed swords, lances, pikes bristle at each step; and the armour these evoked takes on an inhuman life with waxworks. surely, is a row of American footballers: Crusaders, you say? There Henry VIII -monstrous old hearty-sits superb in armour on an armoured horse; but did this obese tank ever roll into battle? As usual the P.B.I. bore the bruntthose same troopers at ease outsidewith no seats to their armour, and lucky to have a coal-scuttle up top. I don't find much to console me or to patronize in this grim collection; and by chance I miss the sister arts of peace-rack, thumbscrew, and gibbet.

Pooh! not sorry to slip out. The queue waddles patiently towards Jewels, and those coming away dazed and bareheaded feel the heavenly press of diamonds, jangle gold spurs, pose staffs and clasp orbs, and see their lunch tables loaded with the yellow salt-cellars two

feet high. The advantage of these new Emperor's Clothes is that everyone can sport them, for a few moments.

Shadows chasing over the lawn. Minute-hand stirring. The inflexible soldiery still stand. But release is near. People are drifting back, from Raleigh's walk and Elizabeth's window; the Tudor houses scarcely look real; a char scrubs steps; an old spaniel yawns and stretches; the ravens—six of them, on whom it is said depend the cares of Empire—gather round, but what they are after, what their cries forebode, who can tell?

Here at last are the officers, with cries no less outlandish. Yah! Hen! Smike! Wow! Oy! Bang, crash. And, after a pause, it's all over. Off with the old guard, on with the new; and so, beautifully, a battalion is kept employed making safe that much queued-after hexagonal show-case with the adjacent notice "Beware of Pickpockets." At night, I am told, we who pay for everything-the jewels and the scarlet, the Constable, the Lieutenant, the Axe, the restaurant marked Shut, and the ravens' horse-meat-we have the right, I believe, to be present at the Handing Over of Keys. Some night, tearing myself away, I must exercise it.

Time I came back to the twentieth century: it starts to rain a little. The



very young sentry at Lions' Gate stares past me. A corporal comes running out of the guard room with "Come in, you fool!" Sentry doesn't hear, I remain spellbound, another and nearer yell contains the adjective proper to the place, and the truant bundles himself back into his box, and I away to the far-off Tube.

I have my own dreams of the Tower, including an early affair with the Lady Jane Grey, but here they seem to lack nourishment.

G. W. STONIER



Mr. B.

By LORD D\*V\*D C\*C\*L

NEURIN B .- or, as his friends sometimes lovingly called him, Nye-was now fifty-six, and in the clubs men were beginning to ask whether there was a future before him or whether he was condemned to spend the rest of his life an ineffectual Samson for ever scrabbling at doors resolutely closed. Accident had showered upon him many of the requisites of success. He could not, it is true, claim membership of one of those high patrician families-the Hendersons or the Foots, the Greenwoods, the Mallalieus or the Noel Bakers-to whom membership of the House of Commons was almost an hereditary privilege. He was not even a Driberg. Yet he was a Welshman and he had been-for a time-a miner, when to be a Welshman and to have been a miner were the two surest roads to political office. It was scarcely more than three years-barely some forty months-since Mr. B. had sat upon the Treasury Bench. By his side were those who had been the colleagues of that day-Herbert Morrison, pert, energetic and particular but of a soul essentially municipal—Dalton, the master of a style, booming and ecclesiastical, that had been devoted to purposes predominantly secular-the firm but unglamorous Attlee-Hugh Gaitskell-even Edith Summerskill herself. He moved among his fellows, attended by all the special consequence that adheres to a successful Minister.

Now neither the Treasurership nor membership of the Executive were histhe one fallen to a rival whom he described contemptuously as "a calculating machine," and the other to handsome, laughing, young Anthony Greenwood-(for even though the stealthy years crept on, who could ever think of Anthony Greenwood as anything but young?) Age, while abating little of Mr. B.'s look of youthful pugnacity, had enriched it with a visage of new mellowness, but the golden October sunset that bathed the cab rank of the railway station at Scarborough served only to mark by contrast the sunless autumn of his soul. He looked round upon his divided followers, and there sprang inevitably to his mind the Duke of Wellington's comment on his recruits. "If only they would team up with Deakin instead," he said in his airy, cynical manner, emphasizing his judgment with a characteristic expletive, "that would finish him." Ah Tribune, Tribune! If only Mr. Deakin could be got to edit it-but then Mr. Deakin never was a convenient man-"troublesome," Mr. B. always found him.

There remained the curious, unresolved dualism of hiz mind—the gay persiflage, the airy discourse, but the spirit that was behind it—ah, that was elusive. "In Place of Fear?" But what exactly was there in place of fear? That was the question to which his restless sceptical spirit could never find a

certain and a resting answer. What did Fénelon say? or Ian Mikardo? or St. Chrysostom? And could one trust their answers? Was it certain that they—even they—really knew?

Upward had rushed the rocket, lighting the sky with its shower of stars. And, now the stars had faded, was there nothing left but a bit of charred stick and a faint ominous whiff of sulphur?

Poor Mr. B. was going to feel the change dreadfully, said the gossips. What would he do with himself? Well acquainted with Vanity Fair, he was yet too incurably proud to confess dependence upon its fickle denizens. politician, yet he had always fancied himself, with his pictures, his books, with what might be called the spreading settee of his soul, to be more than a politician. Who knows but that perhaps his eyes strayed across the Chamber and caught the vision of that warrior of cighty years with whom he had so often battled and that they felt that, spirit for spirit and defiance for defiance, they had more in common than the littering figures that filled the floor between them? If it was so, it must be confessed that there is no evidence of it. The historian can but speculate in ignorance. Or did his thoughts in those mellow years turn to more genial and more tranquil themes? Was his vision the kindly and entrancing vision of retreat at Chesham-its lush acres, its motorcars, the milking cow, its spacious public library, its broad amenities, the busy, happy country folk, some vermin and some not? Or did there flit through that enigmatic but unflagging mind the presentiment that the call might yet come to him again? That the telephone would ring and that a distant and wellremembered voice (how distant! how well remembered!) might once again ask him if he was free to broadcast on the Light Programme at 9.15? Mr. B. so resonant in aspect-so svelte in soul! Who knows? Who ever will know? And remote but immemorial lips were heard slowly to murmur:

> "Le sage dit, Selon les temps, Vive le Roi, vive la ligue." CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

> > 6 6

Good Advertisement

"Rapid Growth Shown by Health Minister."—The Melbourne Age

# Keep Something Flying

By CLAUD COCKBURN

I'r really is a bit late to bring that up, because, after all, what occasioned the whole trouble happened a long time back with stopping being birds.

Or look at it this way. Naturally nobody wants to be a reptile, and that, if I may say so without offence, is what everyone was before they got to be birds. So far, so good. But no further.

Suppose Sir Laurence Olivier and Mrs. Edward Hulton and George Baccelli and the man from the Prudential and the Archbishop of York had beaks, and digested their food by swallowing small stones and setting them to work like the mills of God. Be a bit of all right, wouldn't it?

You stick to birds, and what do you have? No tooth trouble, you'd better believe. A prominent bird in Huddersfield who tried to fiddle a new beak off the National Health was laughed—literally laughed I tell you—out of court. Countenance was another thing he was out of, to boot.

As for crop ulcers, excuse me smiling. The whole conception is exceptionally ridiculous. And, getting down to essentials, birds can eat cherries without all that absolutely ghastly business of getting the stones out first.

And when I say Olivier and an Archbishop and such I don't mean just Ebor and Cantuar and that class of caper, I mean Mendes-F, and F. Dulles, and Chou, and U Nu, and you, and you, and you.

Nobody at this stage of the game is going, I do hope and pray, to start denying that what you had first was reptiles—well, after the amæba, of course, I thought I might take that as understood, though, mind you, a lot of those stories are exaggerated too—and then came birds. And presently you got this bird, too clever by half, if you ask me, getting up and saying "Wouldn't it be more fun to be mammals?"

Well honestly, friends, blithe spirit is

my blithely spirited riposte to that one. Dogs saw the trend all right, and they were not ones to throw up their hands and sit in the movies expecting the State to do it all—when my dog was young there was a lot less of this talk about security, and every Bow-wow carried Adventure writ large on his knapsack—and they took that canine dilemma and faced it like dogs.

They grew tails.

That is an accepted fact.

Nor did they rest content with that, because there's no royal road to success, have to go through the drudgery—how else is character formed?—and they learned to wag them, with results which to-day are admitted by case-hardened ex-sceptics, crying as they think of the lost, groping years.

Ancient Ethiopia—certainly. I grant you that. It says here, in so many words, that "not only was great veneration paid to the dog, but the inhabitants used to elect a dog as their king. It was kept in



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great state and surrounded by a numerous train of officers and guards; when it fawned upon them it was supposed to be pleased with their proceedings; when it growled it disapproved of the manner in which their Government was conducted. Such indications of will were implicitly obeyed."

Still, that kind of thing doesn't last for ever, you know, and what goes up must come down, and this far-sighted dog—in those halcyon days being a politician didn't mean you couldn't have wide cultural interests and a broad outlook too, unlike our modern Thingummies, though I suppose it's all for the best because after all you could never rely on the drinking water, hence the Black Death—said "Look."

And they did, and when they were looking he said "It's more or less a question of psychology."

From then on it was fairly plain sailing: matter of pointing out that a time's coming when people are going to ind some kind of substitute for Government by dog—although I always say it's not the same thing really—and people can't afford to hunt and shoot the way they used to, and there's a generation growing up which instead of bloodhounds it simply dials Whitehall 1212. And so what is going to become of the utility value of dog?

Well, we all know what happened. And I may be a bit of a sentimentalist, but I'm not ashamed to say that in times like these I often think a little bit of sentiment goes a long way, and I'm glad to see that George Baccelli agrees with me here, and what I often ask

THE RESERVE TO THE RE

myself is "Is utility everything? Isn't there something more?"

And if you would just use those eyes which, I presume, were given you for the purpose, you would see the answer staring you in the face from a million million wagging tails, saying until the same time next week, when the programme will be recorded, "Thank you, Dad and Mum, and all you juvenile delinquents at Dognor Regis who are listening O so eagerly, and this is to let you know that we Doggies Love and Need you. Let's speak quite candidly, shall we? Your trouble may be spiritual irregularity. Ask your Maritain man and you'll find he agrees. And that's where Dog Drill may be the answer."

Personally I have never heard the dog situation summed up more neatly. Dogs had faced the future, met the challenge of our times, and closed the gap with a snap. They were in there again, pitching.

(We're not talking about ants. If anyone wants to rake up all that trite stuff—uncanny intelligence, my foot!—I can only say that in my view that is the merest herring, and I want no part of it across my trail. Also there was a piece in the paper the other day saying the whole thing is probably a laughable misconception, although it admitted that some ants are confirmed alcoholics, which is what I have always said.)

In some quarters people panicked. Frenchman Lévy-Bruhl in his book La Mentalité Primitive—the English "translation" is entitled, for some reason, Primitive Mentality—tells rather a good one about a tribe in Malaya where the belief is that while cats pray for your prosperity, because if you fall behind in your payments the next thing to go will be the only comfortable chair in the whole pagoda, dogs want you to die, right now, so there'll be a funeral feast and the dog will get the bones.

I see nothing primitive about that at all. Thoughtful, pungent homme de lettres Evelyn Waugh, in one of those moments of doubt and melancholia when even the brightest vision falters, once suggested to Your Correspondent—this was in the old days, of course, but I well remember the tone of the then youthful littérateur as he spoke, half shyly it seemed, of his hopes and fears—that the only solution lay in a campaign to plaster the walls of England with posters saying Dogs Cause Cancer.

I was about to expostulate, the words "worst possible taste" were indeed on the tip of my tongue, when the lights suddenly went out all over Europe and someone shouted "Roll up that map, we shall not need it these many years."

Nevertheless, it was this almost crazed reverence I have for writers which got me hopelessly involved later with a dog that had formerly belonged to the ex-husband of novelist Sinclair Lewis's then wife. (She was called Dorothy Thompson, and if you care to get in touch with her I believe she lives somewhere in Vermont.)

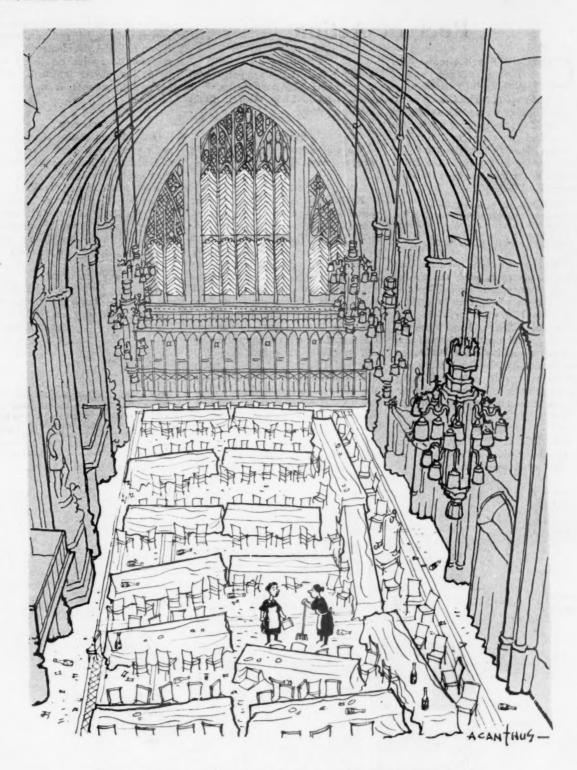
As for the dog, I've told the story so often I've almost forgotten how it goes. It opens in Berlin or Vienna or one of those little restaurants in Alt Buda that nobody knows about—this was in the old days, of course, when you could get a whacking great piece of Ringstrasse for the equivalent of one and sixpence, with as much Pest as you wanted provided free by the ever gemuetlich Mine Host—and this dog is on stage right through the piece, but they claimed it was too reminiscent of Harvey and the whole project came to nothing.

All the same, the experience gave me an insight into the sterling stuff dogs are made of, which has stood me in the best of steads ever since. It *taught* me something in the field of what I call, quite simply, "adjustment," to distinguish it from "mal" adjustment.

Dogs adjusted themselves to modern realities, and so can we. It is completely bootless, at this date, to keep pointing out that the only thing we now do more efficiently than birds is fly. Still less constructive is it to harp on The Old Time Music Hall, and When Watford was a Beauty Spot, and we were all so grand that men from Kansas stood silent in our presence, afraid to open their mouths lest they commit some cultural faux pas.

For instance, a relative of mine, an admiral of sorts, in 1812 went to Washington and burned down both the White House and the Capitol, but you don't eatch me moping about decadence, and a fellow not getting the opportunities nowadays that they used to have.

There are other things in life besides admirals and sterling convertibility, and the thing to do is to make the most of what we have. Just for a start, there ought to be more Morris Dancing and Charm.



"I never expected to see Guildhall in the same sort of mess as December 1940."

# Poet in Action

COMMENT on the recent Balaclava Day centenary recalled Tennyson's brisk handling of descriptive verse; "The Charge of the Light Brigade," we are told, was dashed off in a few minutes after reading the account of the action in *The Times*. Another, less familiar, glimpse of the poet moving in swiftly to the kill is caught in the four-line italic introduction to his "Godiva":

I waited for the train at Coventry; I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge, To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped The city's ancient legend into this:

The situation could not have been more clearly appreciated, the plan of action more precisely framed, had this too, like Balaclava, been a military operation. Here was a potential soldier—"Form, Riflemen, Form" has the parade ground smack and there was certainly something about his bearing that was fine, fine, fine—and his methodical mind can be seen anticipating the battle order technique that did not become stylized until the last war:

#### GROUND

O.S. 132. 325795. Rly. ft. bdge. Intervisibility with Coventry ch. spires, 3. O.P. cmdg. up and down lines.

INFORMATION

Enemy. Grim earl, dogs, peeper with cover from view but not from fire.

Own tps. Lady Godiva, flanks exposed, palfrey.

#### INTENTION

We will capture the spirit of the story and consolidate in verse fmn.

#### METHOD

70-80 lines iambic pentameter, time permitting, before arrival London train. Frontal attack, no diversions. Infm. will be conveyed directly. No attempt memorable lines, e.g. "Better fifty years of Europe," "Now sleeps the crimson petal" must await more favourable conditions when not surrounded bustling rly. workers, passengers, etc. If verse not repeat NOT complete before train signalled can extend in transit Coventry-London; Coventry date-line still permissible, any mvt. disqualify lines added in train as unconformable with declared location ("and there I shaped") can be dismissed as pedantic quibble. Counter-attack to quibble: to "shape" not necessarily to "compose."

#### ADMIN.

Write in pencil; quill and ink unwieldy on gusty rly. bdge. Polished version at H.Q. follows. Grooms and porters under orders maintain constant liaison re E.T.A. London train. Allow minimum four mins. complete line in hand (no rhyme scheme), collect equipment, advance from bdge. to platform.

#### INTER-COM.

Demand frequent sitreps from grooms and porters. Sigs. will advise if train delayed by fog (narrative may then be lengthened). Loudspkrs. will notify any train cancellation owing to exigencies of service (may then extend to "Locksley Hall" or "Lady of Shalott" length). Look-out party will warn if train ahead of schedule (in this case dismiss some details, but Peeping Tom essential).

#### ANY QUESTIONS?

Where post completed lines? Keep-sake, Examiner, Once a Week? (reserving 2nd. ris. for Coventry area locals).

LESLIE MARSH

6 6

"In the Royal lounge at the airport, Mr. Ali said his visit to the United States and Canada had not been cut short. He then found he had nothing to smoke. Mr. Ali walked to the passenger hall by a back way, past a row of dust-bines. There he bought a packet of cigarettes."—Evening Standard Woodbins, were they?





"All in favour wave your share certificates."

### Poor Jamaican

WHA' him fe do, de poor Jamaican?
Poor Jamaican fallen mighty low.
No wuk, no money, him quite forsaken—
Lawd, man, where him fe go?

Come over yah, man, come on over!
Come a London an' live in clover.
Come in you hundreds, by sea or air—As poor as you is, you can find de fare,

An' dem dat can't, le' dey make de trip
As stowaways in a banana ship.
Make no diff'rence if you white or black,
You British subject, dey can't turn you
back.

You British subject—dat claim can't fail, Though one chance in ten you a-been in gaol.

All poor Jamaican got to emigrate An' come over yah to de Welfare State. Where him fe go, de poor Jamaican?

How feed him pickney, wha' fe do?

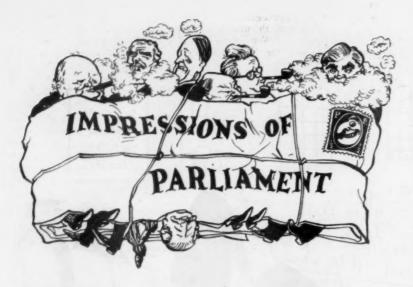
Tings really bad, man, Ah en' mistaken—

Starve, him a-starve fe true.

Come over yah, man, come on over!
Come a England an' live in clover.
Homes is homes, if you en' mind sharin'
(Six a room, dat en' pas' bearin')—
Wuk is wuk dat de white man get you,
But only de jobs de union let you:
Dig up de roads, dig up de drains,
Carry de ash-cans, wuk on de trains;
Can't be conductor on de white man 'bus,
Can't go dig fe de white man coal,
Can't do dis an' dat—wha' mek you fuss?
You gwine live good on de white man dole.

English people is lovin' an' givin' — English people owes you a livin'.

PETER SUFFOLK



#### Monday, November 1

The Opposition campaign to discredit the Government's proposed

House of Commons:
Peake Hour
increase in pension rates mounts steadily in tempo.

Mr. OSBERT PEAKE obviously has something in the bag that is going to please the pensioners-i.e. the voters; so the ploy is either to make him look like a skinflint for not letting the "old folk" have their bonne bouche before Christmas, or else to reveal him as a cynical vote-catcher for delaying the increase until just before the general election. These tactics were to-day unleashed on him in such a flood that the floor of the House was, by the end of question-time, pretty well knee-deep in crocodile tears. Mr. PEAKE, whose manner is at all times patient and kindly, and who only makes his party points as if he were repeating a lesson someone had taught him, not very thoroughly, just before he came in, breasted the flood with calmness and restraint. It was left to Mr. RAYMOND GOWER from below the gangway to put into words what many of his honourable Friends must have been longing to say, that "decent feeling is nauseated by these attempts to make political capital out of the hardships of old people."

Mr. MOTT-RADCLYFFE was evidently playing a subtle game when, after Mr. NUTTING had announced the Persian oil settlement to the House, he drew attention with pride to the reaction of the stock market. There was a cynical bark from the Opposition, and Mr. Hernert Morrison said that he would pass no comment on the swelling of share-values, in the tone of voice

that points a comment better than the best-chosen words. "The right Hon. Gentleman," Mr. NUTTING reminded him archly, "will recall that the Government is a fifty-per-cent shareholder in Anglo-Iranian."

The House then debated the White Paper on the reorganization of the railways. The scheme was commended to the House by Mr. Hugh Molson, who seemed to find much pleasure in the fact that the six regions, when they had achieved autonomy, would be renamed areas. The subtle meaning behind this move, whatever it might be, appeared to be lost on the House; the Opposition were more concerned with the railwaymen's working conditions than the style of the outfit they worked for-"not different uniforms, as Mr. DAVID IONES (once a signalman) put it, "but decent uniforms.

#### Tuesday, November 2

Only the imminent threat of independent television has kept their Lordships up later recently than House of Commons: Abroad did the committee stage of the

Town and Country Planning Bill. They ploughed patiently through a long list of amendments until one noble Lord, by withdrawing an opposed amendment on the grounds that he had to catch a train, reminded them how unsuitable late hours were to their House, and they made haste to dispatch the rest of their business. Lord KILMUIR on the Woolsack must have thought it an unpromising start in a Chamber where they normally start saying "at this late hour" somewhere around five-thirty;

but at least there was a dinner adjournment.

A loud Tory huzza greeted Mr. NIGEL BIRCH's announcement in the Commons that building licences were to be abolished on November 10; but the Opposition interpreted it as additional evidence that the Government intended to neglect school and hospital building in favour of country mansions for wealthy company directors.

Mr. ANTONY HEAD, not for the first time in his Ministerial career, found himself in hot water for prejudging a matter of military discipline. OSBORNE had encountered a couple of Guardsmen under open arrest at the Hook; they, as soldiers under open arrest will, had spun him a tale of woe and sought to solicit his consideration. But considering that they "stole a car and smashed it up, and by and large had been no credit to their country, Mr. HEAD was not sure that too much sympathy ought to be wasted on them. His face became uncommonly red, however, and his usually furrowed brow more deeply furrowed than ever when Mr. Shinwell pointed out that these two Grenadiers had not yet been tried and might be found not to have committed these enormities; so he wisely apologized on the spot and the incident blew over without further

End-of-session lassitude, noticeable on many occasions lately, robbed the Middle East debate of more than transitory interest. Mr. ANTHONY NUTTING reviewed the situation in (and around) Israel, in Egypt, in the Sudan and Buraimi and the Persian oilcountry, to the evident satisfaction of Sir Anthony Eden, his spiritual pastor and master, who leaned back in his seat with a gratified smile to see his lessons so well learned, even to the inclusion in a comparatively short speech of every cliché known to politics. There was a slight burst of hilarity when Mr. Morrison and Mr. Cross-MAN compared consistencies; but even the intervention of Captain WATERHOUSE could not raise the temperature of the debate to anything approaching excite-The "pressure-group" has indeed been most restrained in its reception of the Egyptian agreement. In his winding-up, the senior ANTHONY dropped some delicious hints about the redeployment of the British forces in the Middle East, but gave nothing away.

Despite the Speaker's qualified invitation the previous week, no one took the opportunity to air current grievances about Cyprus: the nearest anyone got to it was when Mr. EDWARD



MALLALIEU wondered why the Government would not do so.

Wednesday, November 3

It is now perfectly clear that the Opposition regards the next General

House of Commons: Election as lost and is busy find-

ing excuses for it. On Monday the Conservatives were going to win because cynical Mr. PEAKE had delayed his pension increases until just before the Government went to the country; to-day the Assistant Postmaster-General would win the election for his side by a sinister plot whereby the Tory newspapers gained control of the television screens of the voters and mingled propaganda with the panelgames and advertisements for breakfast-Thirteen questions to Mr. GAMMANS led up to accusations of political partiality on the part of programme contractors, some of them associated, directly or by implication, with a personal charge against Mr. GAMMANS himself. (Mr. WALTER ELLIOT complained in a sporting mixed metaphor that the Opposition were trying to "bowl out the referee.") "You have betrayed the House!" shrilled Mr. NESS EDWARDS, though when invited by the Speaker to repeat his words he tactfully varied them to "You have betrayed promises made to this House." A more acceptable rebuke to Mr. GAMMANS was made by Mr. HENRY USBORNE, who, referring to another subject much in evidence during the afternoon, invited him to "climb into a mailbag and get himself stolen." Mr. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, perhaps aghast at the prospect of being confined for ever to the B.B.C. wavelength, announced that he would raise the matter on the adjournment. "Well, that disposes of that," said the Speaker briskly.

Thursday, November 4

After the exhilaration of yesterday's assault on the Post Office, the House relapsed into a condition bordering on somnolence.

Only once during questions did serious controversy threaten, and that was when Mr. GRIMOND, backed by Mr. W. R. WILLIAMS and Mr. JAY, pressed Mr. HENRY BROOKE to admit that there had been no consultations with the Whitley Council before the Government had extended the range of its security checks on civil servants. Mr. BROOKE, looking faintly embarrassed, at first allowed only that he had consulted the Council by letter; but after he had been accused of not knowing the difference between consultation and discussion, he conceded, "There was a meeting. Had he said so at the outset, the little breeze might never have sprung up.

There was further discussion of the Civil Defence (Armed Forces) Bill in committee, but little came of it apart from Major LLOYD-GEORGE'S modest admission that he did not think he would look well in the part of Cinderella. The committee stage was concluded, and the R.A.F.'s class H Reserve may now think seriously about brushing up their stirrup-pump drill.

On the adjournment, Mr. MARTIN LINDSAY raised the question of traffic





Osbert Peake (Minister of Pensions)

congestion. Mr. GRIMOND (whose constituents in Orkney and Shetland cannot be among the worst sufferers) threw out a suggestion for a public corporation operating toll roads; but Mr. Molson could not bring himself to accept the scheme on the Ministry's behalf. The best he had to offer was a fly-over at Hammersmith Broadway.

Friday, November 5

A House much above the Friday norm, both numerically and intellectually, attended for

House of Commons: The Irish Question the committee stage of the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill. Perhaps they hoped that Sir JOHN ROTHENSTEIN would throw leaflets down from the Strangers Gallery; but Sir JOHN sat alone, in dignified obscurity in the Special Gallery within the Chamber. The Bill is no mere Cæsarian operation of extracting the Tate from its mother gallery. The complexity of the issues involved is illustrated by the fact that the first amendment, designed to restore to Dublin the thirtynine pictures of the Hugh Lane Bequest, was debated for two hours and pressed to a division by Mr. E. L. MALLALIEU. Surprised Members routed out of all sorts of hidey-holes filed through the Lobbies without the faintest idea of what they were voting about; but the Government won the day by 89 votes to 20, and yet another Guy Fawkes Day attempt to blow up the Government was frustrated.

B. A. YOUNG



"I suppose some day they'll manage to invent a way of putting real people on a real stage."

#### In the Cricket Field

### With Hutton's Men in Fleet Street

Ror weeks now, as I have tramped the hard pavements of Fleet Street, I have been followed by an accusing finger, a finger pointing dramatically from a ghostly hoarding. The picture shows a British sports fan, stern of eye and tight of lip, his long arm reaching out from the paper like a barber's pole and ending abruptly in a foreshortened finger of scorn. Beneath the picture is the message:

If you are physically fit, are you really satisfied with what you are doing to-day?

Do you feel happy as you walk along the street and realize that OTHER men are "over there"?

What will you say in years to come when people ask you—"Where were you in 1954-55?"

What will you answer when your children grow up, and say "Father, why weren't you a cricket correspondent too?"

What would happen to the Empire if every man stayed at home LIKE YOU?

Yes, I am bitterly conscious of the fact that I am one of the few cricket writers who have not answered the call. The coffee-houses and taverns of London seem almost deserted, and there is no sparkle in their gossip. Oh, how we miss old ——, dear old ——, and ——!

And yet, sports fans, if you are reasonable you will understand why some of us must remain at home. Nowadays something like half a dozen civilian stay-at-homes are needed to keep one front-line correspondent in the field. Who dug up the story about Fred Trueman and the Bradford furniture store? Ian Peebles, Crawford White, Alex Bannister? No, the lads of the home front, the back-room boys. Who interviews Mrs. Hutton and Mrs. Edrich, finds out whether there is any truth in the rumour that they are likely to join their husbands in Australia before the end of the tour? Who accompanied Denis Compton to the masseur, the Harley Street specialists, and then, happily, to the airport? Who invites Sir Pelham to forecast the result of the rubber? Who works out the bowling averages, selects appropriate photographs from old albums, drafts the headlines?

Up to now we on the home front have had a fairly easy time. We missed the rough weather in the Bay, the prickly heat of the Red Sea, the fancy-dress balls aboard the Orsova, the crush at Colombo. So far we have had little to do other than chart the course of the vessel, consult the medical dictionaries for details of shingles, trapped cartilage and bruised thumb, and prepare interesting footnotes to dull routine dispatches:

- Hutton's invitation to Freddie Brown and Ian Peebles to bowl at the nets at Perth was a clear admission that he is already worried by the party's lack of leg-spinners. At Bunbury he tried out young Colin Cowdrey who has bowled leg-breaks since his Tonbridge days! Peebles, a protégé of the great Aubrey Faulkner, bowled leg-breaks and googlies for Oxford, Middlesex and England. Freddie Brown earned renown as England's skipper on the 1950-51 tour of Australia. He is employed by a firm in Northampton.
- The slight accident to Appleyard, a bruised rib, was caused by an cbullient spectator at Colombo. During the last tour Denis Compton cut his eye on a tap and Freddie

Brown was knocked out when his car came into collision with a street bollard.

Now that Compton has joined Hutton's men the tourists number eighteen—a record. Seventy years ago touring teams seldom consisted of more than twelve players! For their famous "Ashes" tour of 1882 the Australians, under W. L. Murdoch, brought thirteen players! The Hon. Ivo Bligh's side of 1882-83 consisted of twelve cricketers—every one with a moustache! In those days cricketers must have lived charmed lives both on and off the field.

But soon, all too soon, the pace will quicken. When the Tests begin we shall be up all night, rushing the latest scores into the Stop Press, preparing our stories of the day's play and coordinating the efforts of regular and star reporters.

And there is one more thing. By April of next year scores of books with such titles as Australian Journey, The Ashes Retained, Bumper Harvest and Flannelled Oafs will be rolling off the presses. Who will be the authors of these books—the correspondents at the front or the boys who tramp the unyielding pavements of Fleet Street? A glance at the list of acknowledgments should provide the answer.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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#### **BOOKING OFFICE**

#### Change at Rugby?

The Lanchester Tradition. G. F. Bradby.
The Richards Press, 7/6

is a common complaint of foreigners that the English are too fond of writing novels about school life; and there can be no doubt that in this country, at one time or another, a great many books of that sort have appeared; often good of their kind, if not necessarily first class. The implication of Continental critics is that we are more obsessed than they by that period of life; but, if the matter is closely examined, the few countries that have ever had enough literary vitality to produce serious novelists in considerable numbers—they are very few-seem to show at least an equal interest in adolescence. Where they differ is in not possessing the boarding school as an institution, with its in-herent limitations of daily life, so peculiarly convenient to the novelist's

On the whole novels about schools have dealt principally with the boys, but from time to time the masters take the foreground. The Lanchester Tradition belongs to the latter sort. Its name is undoubtedly known to many people who have never read it. To republish it was a good idea.

G. F. Bradby, the author, was a housemaster at Rugby and son of a headmaster of Haileybury. He was a Balliol man with first in Mods., a second in Greats, and a Rugby blue. He died in 1947 at the age of eighty-four, obviously a schoolmaster to the core of his being. The school he depicts may be assumed to have something in common with Rugby, with its much propagated "Arnold Tradition." Bradby wrote other novels, but this is his best-known work.

The Lanchester Tradition appeared in 1914, and its manner, self-confident and humorous, brings with it a great whiff of the pre-war period. For example, "the titled plutocracy" is a phrase recalling happier days. Bradby has marked skill as a writer in expressing the essentials of characters in a few sentences, but he is not always able to

refrain from descending into the masters' meetings he depicts, and joining in the mêlée with his imaginary colleagues.

The central situation is the appointment to the headmastership of a school called Chiltern of an unknown candidate, Mr. Flaggon, who gets the post quite unexpectedly owing to a disagreement on the part of the governing board. Flaggon has ideas of his own



about the "Lanchester Tradition"—in his eyes a radical tradition, instead of the intensely conservative policy of laissez-faire to which the years have transformed it—and this attitude brings him in conflict with his staff, especially Mr. Chowlder.

All this is well done, and often very funny. The book might be compared at one end of the scale with Hugh Walpole's Mr. Perrin and Mr Traill (1911) and at the other with Mr. William Cooper's The Ever-Interesting Topic (1953). Indeed, the latter novel poses a very similar central situation to that of The Lanchester Tradition, even including the threat by a headmaster at the end of the book to call in the police in connection with a moral offence among the boys.

Bradby adopts a somewhat godlike

attitude towards the problems his schoolmasters are called upon to solve; an attitude that attempts to strike a mean between too much conservatism and an unwise taste for new methods. Sometimes the satire recoils a bit, as in the case of Mr. Tipham, a young master appointed by Flaggon. Tipham is untidy, conceited and grubby, and he admires the post-impressionist painters. Some rather heavy fun is poked at this taste, and it is Time's revenge that nowadays Van Gogh's Sunflower is almost a sine qua non of any schoolroom, Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Tipham is now headmaster of some famous public school, if he is not a famous figure on the Third.

In rather the same way, the scandal that occurs in the school towards the end of the book is treated simply as if there were "good" boys and "bad" boys, and that a schoolmaster's chief duty was to find out who were "bad" boys and expel them. Perhaps, after all, that is the easiest method; but considering how much understanding of human nature is shown on certain planes of the book, this particular problem seems to be treated not so much without understanding as without any grasp that there is anything to be understood.

Perhaps this is to take *The Lanchester Tradition* too seriously, rather than concentrating on its lighter side. But it is, in a sense, a serious public-school novel; perhaps the first of its kind. The author hints on the last page that there might be a sequel, but it is doubtful whether a sequel could ever have been written, although the story is plainly unfinished. In any case, it remains an undeniably entertaining piece of work for those who enjoy reading about schoolmasters and their idiosyncrasies.

Anythony Powell.

#### Over Stylized

The Centre of the Stage. Gerald Sykes. Heinemann, 12/6

Mr. Sykes is one of those thin-fingered American novelists who indulge themselves in much too clever stylistic elaborations. "Summer's embrace, though not yet over-intimate, had recently been legalized," one reads on the first page, and is unhappily prepared for anything. Yet, with such excesses forgiven, *The Centre of the Stage* is a genuinely subtle, very intelligent novel about the unhappy pairing of a kind of saint and his egotistical but charming wife.

When David returns to Carlotta and his Long Island home after years of absence (a parallel to the Odyssey is often suggested) their son and Carlotta's suitors of both sexes turn to him for advice, although not for love. Carlotta herself finds his saintliness so uncomfortable that she makes two half-hearted attempts to murder him. The book operates on more than one level of meaning. Perhaps Mr. Sykes intends a parable between the life of spiritual man and average sensual woman. On the literal plane he seems to weight the scales a little in favour of the allsympathizing and endlessly understanding David. 1. S.

The English Novel. Walter Allen. Phænix House, 18/6

Mr. Walter Allen has produced an excellent account of the English novel. He is particularly good on Thackeray, whose comparative decline he examines in a most interesting and convincing manner. Gissing, too, he has some good things to say about. He comments on that extraordinary metamorphosis of Conrad—whom even middle-aged people can remember as a writer "often regarded as a sort of bridge between boys'

Gabbitas and Thring trap a young man and lead him off to be a master

An illustration by Ronald Searle from "How to be Topp," by Geoffrey Willans. Max Parrish. 8/6

adventure stories and adult literature now emerged as probably the greatest novelist, after James, of his period."

The survey ends with D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce, both still going through those processes of shrinking and maturing to be achieved only through passage of time. It is an essential aspect of a very readable study of this kind that some disagreement is raised in the mind. H. G. Wells seems to be rather overpraised, and a line might have been found for W. H. Mallock. All the same, a good picture is conveyed of what was going in the novel line between The Pilgrim's Progress and Ulysses.

A. P.

Pictures from an Institution. Randall Jarrell. Faber, 12/6

The finer shades of human frailty used to be studied in the artificial isolation of courts, country houses and studios. The most popular literary vivarium at present is the university, no longer solely a setting for whodunits. Some of the best recent novels have had backgrounds of academic malice and we have watched with enjoyment the social conflicts of the time mirrored in the clash and disintegration of scholarly and administrative temperaments.

In these interlinked sketches of an American college for women, Mr. Jarrell's high spirits produce such brilliant jokes that when his tone changes to something slightly more serious we feel a let-down, though what he has to say on a number of subjects, from music to the immigrant as expatriate, is always fresh and interesting. This is a very funny book that does not quite succeed in digesting a rather serious book; but it does succeed in being as swift, bright and ruthless as lightning. Mr. Jarrell is as verbally adroit as Wilde but more perceptive, and not nearly so generalized and kind. R. G. G. P.

The King My Brother. Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Heinemann, 21/-

Charles II is the most entertaining and one of the ablest of our monarchs. Mr. Hartmann admirably depicts his negligent skill in political and amatory affairs. If the tale of his intrigues sometimes cloys, in this urbane correspondence with his sister, the wife of the repellent brother of Louis XIV, he shows a chival-rous, affectionate concern. It is generally assumed that when he thwarted the traditional policy of preventing any great power dominating the Netherlands,

#### HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the Odeon Cinema, Plymouth, from November 15 until November 27. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.



"It's from Elsie—they're thinking of moving North into the Kemsley-Winnick country."

Charles put personal interest before his country's; Mr. Hartmann thinks our true interest was to smash the Dutch, then economically our most dangerous rivals, and prevent a Franco-Dutch naval coalition. This thesis, well sustained, should set some historians by the ears.

Mr. Hartmann clearly portrays the politics of the time; the preposterous struggles for ambassadorial precedence; the appalling toll of illness, aggravated by the fashionable doctors; the hard frivolity of the Court. But his hero is the King; a real statesman, he maintains, "not a vacillator, but an equilibrist." Above all, unlike his brother, no fanatic. He remarked that "he never interfered with the souls of women, but only with their bodies, when they were civil enough to accept his attentions." [1, E. B.

Laugh with Me! An Anthology of Contemporary Humour. Edited by David Langdon. Faber, 15/-

Thank heavens humorous writing generally seems to be acquiring a slightly sharper edge. David Langdon's excellent and catholic choice has included in this book, as well as pleasant things to raise a laugh, occasional satisfying slashes at the peculiar idiocies of our time. He has also managed to vary the pace quite a lot, and his illustrations are excellent.

P. D.

#### AT THE PLAY

The Immoralist (ARTS)
The Matchmaker (HAYMARKET)

THE Lord Chamberlain's attitude to the theatre is so clearly out of date that soon it is bound to be revised. While his ban on plays about perversion robbed the public, in *The Children's Hour*, of a fine work which should have been completely without offence to any adult not wearing blinkers, regular visitors to the West End theatre can easily make a list of recent occasions on which the most execrable taste has been

allowed simply because it has not offended against sexual orthodoxy.

"Pornography is all right, the other thing isn't" is too ironic a rule altogether.

No one, however, need feel seriously cheated over The Immoralist, a dull little play about conjugal infidelity the wrong way round. RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ, who made such a good job of The Heiress, have adapted ANDRÉ GIDE'S novel so freely that both its sense and its ending are altered. In the original the hero who breaks with the ordinary codes does so for the ruthless development of self, and remains ruthless; in the play he is a miserable neurotic, torn between two worlds, and finally patching up an obviously hopeless marriage with a wife without whom he feels lost. This happy ending creaks like a farmeart.

The start is promising, in the house in Normandy where the heroine, a generous innocent, persuades the unhappy young archæologist to marry her. Once it moves to Biskra the story begins to flag. Michel is attracted by a rather preposterous shepherd, an intellectual who runs a sort of extra-mural academy for male oddities, in an orchard ("I corrupt no one," says he, blandly, which I thought highly doubtful); Marcelline, pregnant, takes to the bottle, and after things have grown worse and worse, and Michel has at last been honest with her, goes back to Normandy without telling him about the child. At that point the play might have ended with conviction. As it is, Michel, finding he is too weak to stand by himself, pursues her to France, learns her condition, and is re-established in a sentimental scene which suggests that with a little give-andtake they have a future together. I shouldn't have cared to bet on it.

Because its pattern is theatrically unusual the collapse of this marriage is no more exciting than that of any other. One is sometimes touched by Marcelline, The treatment is but never moved. episodic, and though the writing generally remains quiet and tactful, the play runs flatly. It would, I think, have seemed much flatter but for three performances that give it more life than it deserves. YVONNE MITCHELL is beautifully sensitive and controlled, in MICHAEL GOUGH we have a master of the frayed nerve, and as the wise old bailiff who has ceased to be surprised by life GEORGE Howe helps considerably. PETER HALL's production is not at fault, and the authors should also be grateful to PAUL MAYO for two sets which continue to be interesting.

At Edinburgh last August (when I reviewed it fully) THORNTON WILDER'S The Matchmaker appeared a good farce that with pruning and polishing night be a great deal better. There were dead spots, and the jumble of the last two scenes seemed to go on too long. Now Tyrone GUTHRIE has been at work again, and if the Haymarket isn't launched on another of its marathon runs it will be very surprising. Pace has been stepped up, lightening the whole evening; and though

the second scene, in the hat shop, is still the funniest, the scenes which follow are played with so much zest that the switch to a crazier pattern comes naturally.

The qualities of an exceptional comic cast are also clearer, in particular those of RUTH GORDON. At Edinburgh I thought her stream of calculated inconsequence brilliant, but I was worried by something slightly sinister in her approach which was out of key with the innocence and charm of the rest of the play. That has now gone, and I hasten to say that Miss GORDON's performance deserves all the superlatives which the wise critic keeps locked in his safe. This is a piece of verbal clowning on the very top level. EILEEN HERLIE is so delightful as the golden-hearted milliner that London will insist on seeing her in further comic parts. ARTHUR HILL remains wonderful as the hick opening wide eyes on the huge world, SAM LEVENE continues to give the miserly merchant the solidity of teak, and all the way there are minor performances that stand out sharply. But what chiefly lifts this farce far above the average is the eager enjoyment of its characters, which it becomes a pleasure to share. Where the simplicities of human nature are concerned Mr. WILDER is a poet, and that shines through.

#### Recommended

Only two more weeks to see Edith Evans in Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough* (Aldwych). Other notable performances are Margaret Leighton's and Eric Portman's in *Separate Tables* (St. James's), and A. E. Matthews' in *The Manor of Northstead* (Duchess).

ERIC KEOWN



#### AT THE PICTURES

A Bullet is Waiting Mad About Men

A FINE, most moving and impressive film shown to the Press in the week under review was VITTORIO DE SICA'S Umberto D., but as I write there is no news of a public showing. Of the two English-language films to which we were invited, one is a sort of sequel to Miranda, obviously made in the confident and justified assumption that audiences will begin to squeal with laughter even before they get into the cinema; but I preferred the other, which did not get a central London run and is already generally released.

I found A Bullet is Waiting (Director: John Farrow) unexpectedly interesting. The basis of it is an adaptation of the formula that has made good films before—a fugitive's arrival at an isolated house, and the emotional readjustment that occurs before he leaves. It is essentially an artificial situation, and the fact that there are only four characters here (one of whom does not appear till the last quarter of the picture) makes one



Marcelline-MISS YVONNE MITCHELL

Michel—MR. MICHAEL GOUGH

presume even more artificial limitation and think of the stage; but there is a great deal of good in this piece.

There is a good opening of the interest-arousing kind: shots of the sea, waves, parts of a wrecked plane being washed ashore, and at last a bitter, unexplained fight among the rocks between the two men who appear to be survivors. It emerges that one is a deputy sheriff, the other his prisoner whom he was taking back to trial in Utah. They have crashed on the coast of California, and because of storms they have to wait at an isolated sheep-ranch where a young woman is looking after the place alone in the absence of her father.

She is English (JEAN SIMMONS); her father, it seems, was a professor at Oxford who decided to get away from it all. She has a gun, but lays it aside to talk to her glowering visitors about philosophy and the ballet. Her father returns, with another gun and counsels of restraint. Of course she falls in love with the prisoner, of course there is another fight; but this is not allowed to settle the matter crudely, and at last, when all four set out in a jeep for Utah, the atmosphere has been so changed by discussion that we assume a satisfactory end to a fair trial. The playing is more than competent, the Technicolor photography (FRANK F. PLANER) is outstandingly attractive. The film is not much more than "mere entertainment," but I liked it.

As for Mad About Men (Director: RALPH THOMAS), it is an attempt to do Miranda over again with everything multiplied by two in the belief that that will make it twice as funny. This time there are two mermaids, and twice as much excuse for jokes about scales, and tails, and sharks, and slippery customers, and things' being fishy . . . But they aren't (and goodness knows, they don't need to be) particular about giving the jokes any immediate reference; I even noticed the hoary old double-entendre about "mistress," meaning school-This, of course, roused rapturous screams, but so does everything else; the audience knows the whole thing is comic, because this fact has been made clear to them already in Miranda, and so the piece is punctuated every few moments with laughs that begin at the first word of any remark. It's a pity; just a little more trouble might have given all these good performers (GLYNIS JOHNS, DORA BRYAN, MARGARET RUTHERFORD, NICHOLAS PHIPPS and others) some really satisfying fun. But why bother, when hege audiences are satisfied (and indeed more comfortable) with a heavily emphasized variation of what they have seen already?

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Two good ones in London left over from the Italian Film Festival: Bread,



[A Bullet is Waiting

Cally Canham-JEAN SIMMONS and A Waiting Bullet

Love and Dreams (3/11/54), a simple lighthearted fable about Carabinieri in a mountain village, and Neapolitan Fantasy, a bright, noisy, tuneful, fantastic impression of the history of Naples. The intensely gripping Riot in Cell Block 11 (27/10/54) continues, and CHAPLIN'S Modern Times, and, of course, Cinerama.

Releases include Lease of Life (20/10/54), a quiet, well done, simple story about a country vicar; and a good Western with too much music, River of No Return.

RICHARD MALLETT

3

### AT THE GALLERY

THE DIAGHILEV EXHIBITION

THE Diaghilev commemoration exhibition at Forbes House, Halkin Street, has had to be arranged on a wider scale for London. Large rectangular rooms, brightly wallpapered, have replaced the glowing passages at Edinburgh which had the character of booths at an old Russian fair. But this loss of intimacy is compensated by the gain in the comfort with which one can now enjoy the original stage and costume designs of Bakst and Benois. To those who never saw these in the first productions their finesse and attention to detail may come as a surprise and they will find a new standard of stage design awaiting them. As fascinating are the less well-known designs of Gontcharova and Larionov done when Diaghilev, an exile from Russia, continued to draw his inspiration from Russian folklore but now wanted to get his designs from artists eminent in their own right. This policy he developed as we see in the room of French post-impressionists and cubists, but perhaps here the excitement and surprise is a little less because the style of Picasso and Braque, though revolutionary in Diaghilev's time, has become more familiar to us through their paintings. Yet in the midst of his unceasing search for novelty, Diaghilev always returned to his first love for traditional Russian music and design which later influenced the enchanting Bakst costumes for the Sleeping Princess—perhaps the most enjoyable room in the exhibition.

In Edinburgh it was the room of caricature which did most to bring the exhibition, and with it Diaghiley, to life. Here these seem to be swallowed up by their large gold room, and the sense of intimacy conveyed by the witty drawings his circle were always doing of each other has been diluted. This presentation of the exhibition is dominated by the ballet music, which, relayed throughout the room, keeps the atmosphere at a constant pitch of excitement. New, too, is the air of nostalgia and melancholy lent by the imaginative arrangement of the original costumes themselves which, now limp and faded, recover a little of their former glory seen on the stage once again in the dim light of the wings. Alas! they remind us that the sadly transient nature of ballet makes it inevitable that although it was his great dancers which made Diaghilev's work famous, they play the smallest part in the exhibition.

COLETTE CLARK



#### ON THE AIR

Peer Gynt

EMERGED from three and a half hours of televised Peer Gynt (Sunday and Thursday) full of admiration for the production of Royston Morley, the designs of Barry Learoyd and the acting of Peter Ustinov and Mary O'Farrell, but suffering from a pretty sharp attack of disenchantment. I expected too much: I had hoped that the magic of Ibsen would match that of Grieg, that the great wild Scandinavian fairy tale would rekindle the necromantic fires of youth, memories of the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen. Nothing doing: the entertainment was acceptable perhaps (though I suspect that millions

switched off long before Ustinov got into his stride), but quite devoid of dramatic tension and poetic grandeur.

But was this Ibsen? Is it fair to accept the jingles of R. Ellis Roberts' translation as authentic Ibsen? I don't know: I hope not. At times Peter Ustinov seemed embarrassed by the tinny puerility of his lines: many he threw away as useless, others he managed to make something of by ingenious transposition of emphasis, but far too many were left intact to remind us that the panto season is almost upon us. If this is Ibsen, then Ibsen, the poetic dramatist, is indeed overrated. I should like to know how Shakespeare stands up to translation into Russian or Italian, and whether an export Romeo and Juliet, which has already been seen by Russian and Italian televiewers, can be as cruel to Will as this televised Peer Gynt was to Henrik.

Ustinov's performance was remarkable. I am probably doing him an injustice to suggest that he made light of the



Peer Gynt (Peter Ustinov)

challenge of Peer Gynt and television. According to Radio Times the offer of the part appealed to him immediately—"there was something quixotic about the idea... we actors are inclined to get too comfortable and complacent at times"; but at no time did his performance suggest more than a caricature of Peer and an amusing flirtation with TV. I felt in fact that Ustinov was amused by the whole thing, jingles and all, and that his Peer will eventually become one of his celebrated party pieces, guaranteed to "slay" his professional cronies by its wit and histrionic

Having said this, let me hasten to add that even this façade of Ustinov was worth seeing. He is never dull. His timing is superb and his theatrical presence always carries a hint or promise of excitement.

Come back—all is forgiven! The fortnightly magazine programme "Panorama" returned to form last week with

a bang. Wisely, the anæmic cartoons and wretched rhymes have been abandoned, and the programme reverts to the simple and successful formula whereby two or more intelligent people are put into the same test-tube and viewers are allowed to study the reactions.

In this latest edition we were given a spritely argument between Marghanita Laski and Peggy Middleton on the subject of "horror comics," a felicitous and rewarding tête-à-fête between Somerset Maugham and Malcolm Muggeridge, a first-rate explanation in film and diagram of the fatigue tests on Comet "Yoke Uncle" at Farnborough, and a neat account by Lionel Hale of a visit to Grock's finale in Hamburg.

The discussion on "horror comics" needed more documentation than the three or four lurid magazine covers flashed on the screen: a pictorial résumé of a typical "comic" story (one was given verbally and very effectively on sound radio in a parallel programme) would have clarified the Amazonian struggle between Miss Middleton and Miss Laski and allowed viewers themselves to get hot or cold under the collar. As it was the dispute seemed largely academic, and the important problem was submerged in a battle of personalities.

Similarly it was a disappointment to find Lionel Hale's pleasant talk illustrated by murky stills of Grock in action. Very few people in Britain have seen Grock's delicious clowning, and it is stupid to expect the average viewer to welcome a talk on somebody to whom they have not been adequately introduced. This, surely, is an abuse of television.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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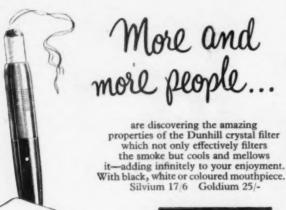
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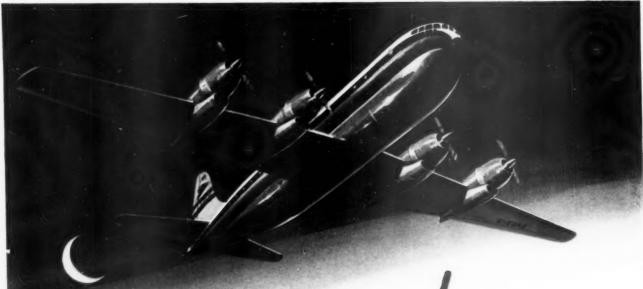
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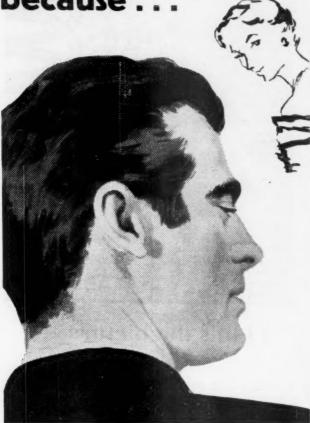


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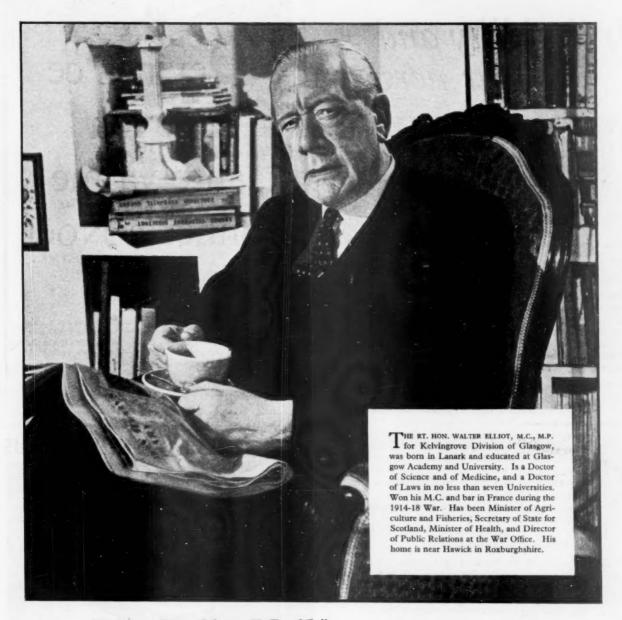
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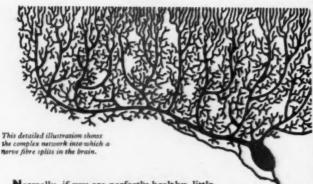
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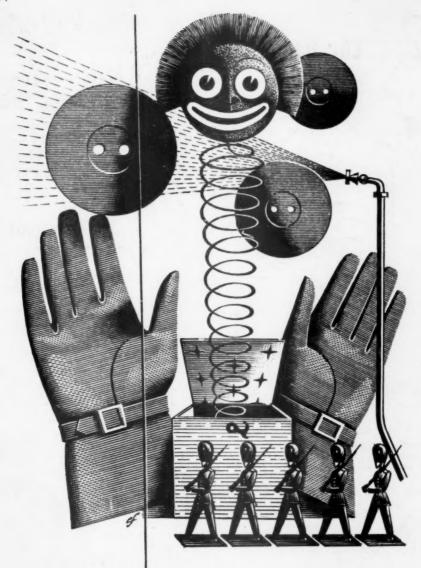
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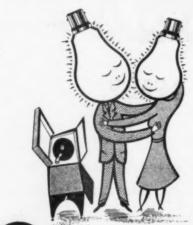


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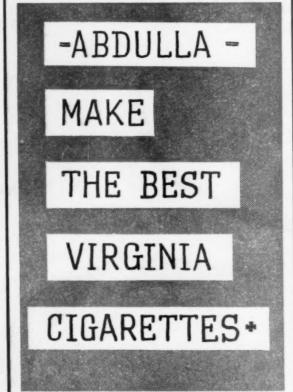
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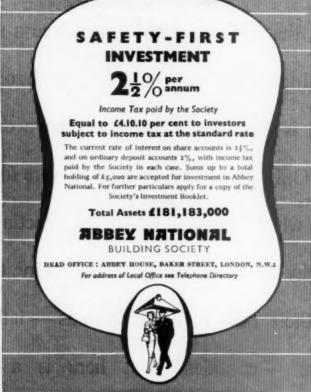
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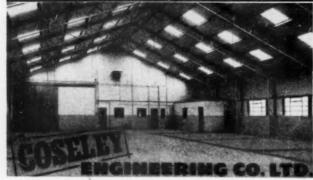
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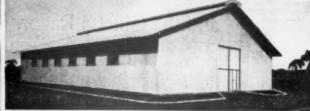
The answer to acid Indigostion





# Standard Steel Framed





Coseley Buildings have a range of spans from 30ft, to 75ft, with a choice of various heights to eaves. Cladding may be in Aluminium, Asbestos or Steel Sheeting. Agents in all principal Countries.

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BY MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

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This clear, clean mineral oil, approved by British motor manufacturers, is obtainable from leading garages and service stations in a wide range of grades that meet the requirements of all motor vehicles.

Every bottle of Essolube motor oil bears the name of the world's largest and most experienced oil company—ESSO . . . your guarantee of outstanding quality, extra cleanliness and unequalled all-round engine protection.



# Esso Ube

THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL

# After 25-GUARD AGAINST DRY SKIN

WHAT CAN you do when your mirror sples out the first warning signs of dry skin?

Those flaky patches and tiny lines tell you that the oils which keep the skin young and supple are beginning to decrease. Your skin may lose 20 per cent of its softening oil before you are 40.

Take over the job yourself. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This Cream is best because:

- I It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oils
- 2 It is homogenized to soak in
- 3 It has a softening emulsifier

#### HELP YOUR SKIN LIKE THIS:

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream over your face and throat. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich cream. Tiny lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream each morning before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/9 and 5/3 a jar.

### DRY SKIN?

This is the answer



# HOW TOBE TOPP

GEOFFREY WILLANS A RONALD SEARLE

A guide to Sukcess for tiny pupils, including all there is to kno about SPACE. By the authors of Down with Skool! 8s.6d.

PARRISH



Temporary uncivil servant now works "regularly"

"Well now," I said to our Mr. P., "how's the form?"

"Tcha!" he returned, sharp as a final demand. "I feel as if someone had filled me in. It's this constipation. With a sub-section like mine, what can I be but non-employed, class C?"

"You may be entitled to relief," I said. "What are you doing about it?" "Nothing," growled Mr. P. "All

my usual channels have let me down."
"Ah ha," I said, craftily, "that'll be the trouble."

"Clarify that statement," commanded Mr. P.

"Well, it's like this," I said.
"You've got about 30 ft. of tubing inside you, and everything you eat has to pass along this usual channel. Your intestinal muscles are there to pull it through. But the soft, starchy foods you get nowadays don't give muscles anything to work on."

"Non-utilization of resources, eh?" asked our Mr. P.

"Precisely," I said. "And that means a bottleneck—in fact, constipation. Only one thing can save you," I said.

"In block capitals, please," demanded Mr. P.

"Bulk buying," I said, "and that means buying Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran, besides being a delicious have it.

breakfast food, supplies the bulk those muscles need to grip on. It'll make you regular in a matter of days!"

Off went Mr. P., and when I saw him next he looked as happy as a minister with portfolio. "So the charm worked, did it?" I asked him.

"It certainly did," he replied. "A little All-Bran three days running and there I was—regular as my cups of tea. All-Bran for me," said Mr. P.

"You can say that in triplicate,"

### WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.



THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH COMPANY LIMITED Mottram St., STOCKPORT, Cheshire. 92 Regent St., LONDON W.I.

# It's easy to see why he's set his heart on a MOVADO

A MOVADO Automatic '331' for instance—the slimmest self-winding watch that ever graced a man's wrist; a piece of sheer mechanical genius that will delight his heart and flatter his ego. Sparing you the technicalities, the '331' is a watch you never consciously wind—the slightest movement of the arm does the necessary—keeping the mainspring at constant tension and ensuring perfect time-keeping. An Automatic '331' in a waterproof stainless steel case will cost you £28.0.0, and give him



• 168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS



You can buy them from any good bookseller and your friends can exchange them at almost any bookshop, 5/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 12/6 21/- plus 4d for the card. "I'm awfully glad
we bought a
REDFYRE"



Until we bought our Redfyre we hadn't realised how much it would transform our lives. For years we'd struggled with poor coal at worryingly high prices, giving little enough warmth from an old-fashioned grate. Somehow it was all very discouraging. But how different things are now! Our Redfyre burns coal, coke, slack or anything that's going, gives wonderful warmth and keeps in all night if we want it to. And we're actually saving fuel! Yes, I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre.

# REDFYRE

# CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE

Fitted with chrome steel bottom grate to avoid "burning out". Available in 12" to 18" sizes, to fit all standard fireplaces. Finished in lovely vitreous enamel with choice of colours.



From your local distributor or Gas Board Showroom

there's, also the

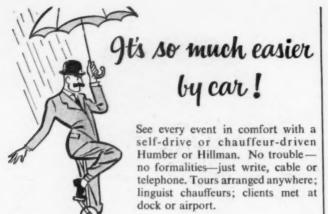
# REDFYRE

RACROILER

A Redfyre for your living room with a high output boiler concealed behind it! Ensures abundant hot water and heats two radiators.



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Mr. PETER ROBESON, distinguished member of Britain's Olympic team, chooses Harry Hall riding clothes and accessories. The impeccable workmanship of all these thoroughbred garments, tailored with understanding from materials of lasting quality, is famous the world over. The Harry Hall label marks all that is best, sartorially, for men, women and children who ride. Better shops and stores everywhere offer a selection of Harry Hall riding clothes.

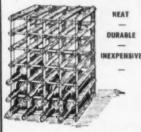


Reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Peter Robeson and in co-operation with the International Equestrian Fund.

# HARRY HALL

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FARROW & JACKSON LTD. (Dept. "P") 41/2 Prescot Street, London, E.1

Tel.: Roy. 8401 (10 lines) Established 1798





THE WEIGHT-LIFTER by John Minton No. 5 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

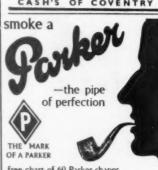
One of the world's largest manufacturers of Brotherton

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine where of an extensive range of Melachrome dues for driving word in all its forms.

dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & C.J. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Also at Manchester,
now and London. Works at Birmingham, Wakefield and Birkenhead.





free chart of 60 Parker shapes

from any Parker stockist

# That's a fine 'How do you do

He's there at the door—eyes bright, tail wagging a welcome. That's how your dog should be. But if he's under the table, listless and scratching, what's wrong?

So often the problem is vitamin deficiencies, which quickly cause loss of condition. But your dog should enjoy the balanced goodness of Bob Martin's. Each tablet is rich in vitamins A and D and supplies a dog's full daily needs of vitamin B—so often lacking in a dog's

daily diet.
Give your dog one Bob
Martin's every day—and
watch him really enjoy



Taste good! Do good!

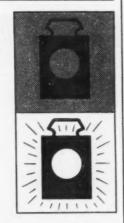
Your dog will quickly remind you when it's time for his Bob Martin's. Don't they tasta good to him—and don't they do him good! Bob Martin time is a big moment in any dog's day.

# Give him Bob Martin Bob Martin's Condition Tablets from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen, 10d. and 2/-. Condition!

FIVE YEARS IN THE DARK, YET...

# BRILLIANT LIGHT WHEN NEEDED

Nife lamps do not deteriorate even when idle for long periods



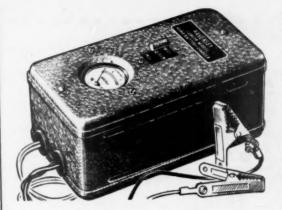
Nife lamps owe their supreme reliability to the Nife steel alkaline battery. Nife cells never lose their charge or deteriorate when standing idle. Even after years of disuse, Nife portable lamps come brilliantly alight at the flick of the switch. Maintenance costs are negligible. There's a Nife portable lamp for every industrial purpose; for miners, firemen, railway engineers, shipowners, breakdown gangs, night watchmen, public utilities, etc.

# NIFE

#### PORTABLE LAMPS

used by the Admiralty for 30 years

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formation on NIFE Portable Lamps - fill in this coupon and	ADDRESS
send to:—NIFE Batteries, Redditch, Worcestershire.	TYPE OF INDUSTRY



# Climate versus Car

Winter (probably even worse than the summer) approaches. So here are some anti-winter measures for your car. First it must start—even on the wintriest mornings: and here's the Davenset 'Junior' to help it. It's a sound job (12 months' guarantee) that charges 6 or 12 volt batteries at 1 amp—a 'trickle', but use it regularly and you can let the starting handle go rusty

AC only. 70/- (post 2/6)

#### MUD, WET AND FROST

Measures against (1) Winter Windscreen—a muddy, spotty condition: the Tudor windscreen washer cures it. Simply installed, operated by hand or foot. 16 oz. fluid capacity 25/-; 40 oz. 30/-, post 1/8. Against (2) frost-bitten blocks and condensation on the electrics (a fruitful source of non-starters)—the under-bonnet Raydyot paraffin heater—8 days on one filling, 18/-, post 1/8. And against (3) slow death from exposure, De Esse provides stronger-than-ever shaped plastic 'car macs' for cars of these lengths: 11' 6", 13', 15' (67/6, 72/6 and 77/6, post 2/6). And if there's anything else you need, from a foglamp to foie gras, you'll find it at the Stores

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE. VICTORIA 1234
Our telephones are on duty as hours a day; ready to note your needs at
any time for anything from a bottied chicken to a folding canoe

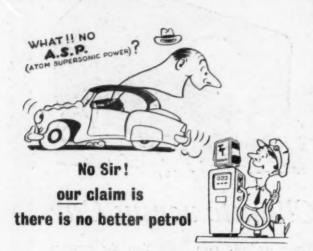
Long-distance calls are cheaper between 6 and 10, yo p.m.

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EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

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# The IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



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There are so many occasions when one realises how difficult it is to be well-informed on all the financial problems which arise in these complicated days. That is why our organisation includes a number of departments

which are each expert in one or other of these mattersdepartments which deal with Foreign Exchange, which understand the complexities of Wills and Trusts, which will not get lost in the labyrinths of Income Tax and so on. Customers may, in consequence, bring to us any matter of this kind, in the confident expectation that they will receive efficient attention and sound advice.



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# Better cooking with

# Vulcan

# that's clear to see!

full-view cooking-there's a wonderful, worry-saving idea for you! Vulcan's famous glass panel oven door is guaranteed unbreakable-keeps heat in perfectlyand, above all, never steams over. And that's not all. With Vulcan, in every way, it's all clear-for better cooking!



Roomy plinth drawer. below oven, keeps pans

Shelf-runners embossed on oven sides make for swift, easy wiping-over when cooking's done.

and shelves out of the way, when not required.



- Automatic heat regulator—with glass door gives you double-control.
- Bakelite thumb-piece safety taps stay
- Self-locating grill pan.
- Fully-furnished oven.
- Choice of attractive finishes.

# Double-Control Gas Cooking

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SEE a Vulcan at your local gas showrooms, and write for illustrated



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Way Out akead-

Punchbowle tobacco stood me in good stead throughout the most harrowing examinations ...

> says this SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE-STUDENT



Punckbowle

**FULL-STRENGTH** 

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4.6d. the ounce.

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

# **American Commentary**

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We are spending well over a million dollars a year for materials handling, packaging and warehousing equipment and we think it is well worth it.

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